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"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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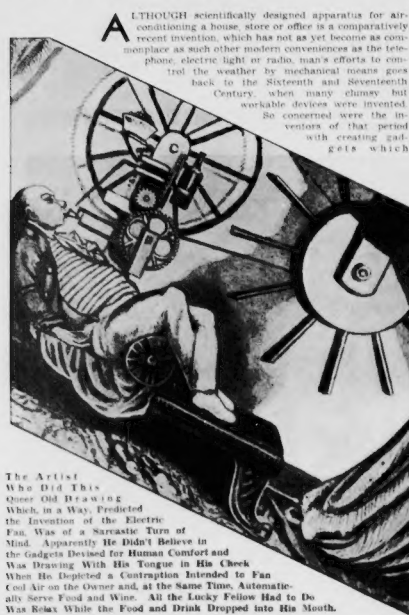
Songs That Will Live Forever A New Series of Paintings
by Henry Clive

Gypsy Love Song

By Harry B. Smith and Victor Herbert
Blamber on, my little gypsy sweetheart,
Dream of the field and the grove;
Can you hear me, hear me in that dreamland
Where your fancies rove?

—Copyright, 1898, by M. Witmark & Sons.

Queer Inventions That Paved the Way to Man-Made Weather



The Artist Who Did This
Queer Old Drawing
 Which, in a Way, Predicted
 the Invention of the Electric
 Fan. Was of a Sarcastic Turn of
 Mind. Apparently He Didn't Believe in
 the Gadgets Devised for Human Comfort and
 Was Drawing With His Tongue in His Cheek
 When He Depicted a Contraption Intended to Fan
 Cool Air on the Owner and, at the Same Time, Automati-
 cally Serve Food and Wine. All the Lucky Fellow Had to Do
 Was Relax While the Food and Drink Dropped into His Mouth.

ALTHOUGH scientifically designed apparatus for air-conditioning a house, store or office is a comparatively recent invention, which has not as yet become as commonplace as such other modern conveniences as the telephone, electric light or radio, man's efforts to control the weather in mechanical means goes back to the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, when many clumsy but workable devices were invented.

So concerned were the inventors of that period with creating gadgets which

would cater to the comfort of people, that one long forgotten artist believed they were going too far. He expressed his feelings by drawing what he thought was an impossible, crazy invention whereby a man could relax and automatically be served food and drink while a revolving device cooled him off with a mechanical breeze.

Sarcastic as the artist tried to be, he

nevertheless had the germ of a real idea, as a scientist recently pointed out. The revolving wheel, which supplied cool air might well have been the forerunner of the modern electric fan, while the automatic feeder and drink supplier may have been the great-grandfather of the modern automatic restaurant. Ridiculous as the drawing seems to us now, it may have im-

pressed inventors of the time with a need for something, an inventor remarked recently. "Except in the case of accidental discoveries, the need comes first and the invention follows, filling that need."

It may have taken more than 250 years after that to develop the automatic and the electric fan but the men who were busy inventing man-made weather apparatus made progress.

The old print in the center of the page shows a Seventeenth Century "air-conditioner" that really worked. It was a cumbersome device which took up a great deal of space and it was set up in a room over the dining room of the inventor's house. A heavy iron weight was used to turn a spindle which in turn slowly revolved a wheel which thus pushed a large fan slowly back and forth over the dining table, supplying a cooling breeze. Of course the diner who sat at the right had to sit close to the table or run the risk of having the weight drop on his head, but the inventor believed such a hazard was worth running in return for the comfort provided.

Curiously enough, although this invention

in its mechanical form was

attached to a central post as an

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Where Rats Are Welcome

MOST people rats are useless and destructive rodents whose removal from the earth should be accomplished as readily as possible. The thousands of rat traps and great quantities of rat poisons which are sold each year testify to this.

Recently, however, miners and engineers have proven that the detested rat may be of service to man and perhaps save his life.

Miners of Zortman, Montana, say that just as rats are supposed to be the first to scurry to safety when a ship is doomed, when the early mines of Central Montana are in danger of sinking in the rats bolt for the open and the miners are quick to take the hint and follow. As a result, killing rats is strictly forbidden in the community.

In the Southwest, engineers of the Soil Conservation Service use the "useless" pack rats for another purpose.

When the engineers want a check dam built in a gully, they choose a site, throw in shill branches or other litter, and leave the rest to the pack rats who work almost as industriously as beavers in building dam-like nests.

Wears Her Collection of Arrowheads

WHEN Jean Hill of Eastern Shore, Virginia, found several Indian arrowheads in a field near her home, some months ago, she decided to make a hobby of collecting them. She soon discovered that they were fairly common in the region, but although nearly three centuries have gone by since the Indians hunted and fought the white man in Virginia, they were made of flint, quartz, obsidian and crystal the passage of time has not destroyed them although the wooden shafts have long since disappeared.

Jean found many arrowheads in rivers and in the fields. People who heard of her hobby began sending her their finds too, and recently her collection reached a point where it amounted to sizable proportions.

"Now that I've got them what am I going to do with them?" Jean asked. And that explains the unique play suit which she designed for herself. It is an original costume as such examples go being decorated with scores of arrowheads set off by large ornaments of lance heads.

Jean can't do much playing in it, however, for the suit weighs several pounds and is much too heavy to be worn while playing tennis or any other sport requiring physical effort.

When Jean gets tired of her novel suit she might exhibit it somewhat in the manner of another enthusiastic collector of arrowheads, Dr. A. R. Wittman of Merrill, Wisconsin, who has a collection of more than 5,000 of the primitive weapons.

Some time ago, Dr. Wittman also asked himself: "Now that I've got them what am I going to do with them?" Probably

because he is much older, his answer was even more ingenious than Jean's. He started what he called "arrowhead paintings" in which he used the arrowheads much as an artist uses colors.

It was a difficult task which he set for himself, even harder than finding the arrowheads. He decided that the pictures which he composed should be representations of Indian life. That is why his best "paintings" are careful copies of well known pictures and statues of Indians such as "Pike to the Great Spirit" and "The End of the Trail."

Dr. Wittman carefully combined the chipped pieces of flint on his "canvas" which was usually a background of cloth or wall board. Every one of the arrowheads had to be selected for color and size and put in exactly the right relation to all the others, or a huge jigsaw puzzle would result. As he decided where each arrowhead was to go, in just what direction its tip should point, he fixed the flint to the background with a length of fine wire.

Some of his pictures assembled painstakingly a flint at a time, have taken him months to complete. It is said that the Wisconsin man who has managed to combine art with the gathering of arrowheads has been offered a fortune for his pictures, but that he is not interested in selling them to museums or individuals.

Getting the relics and putting them into what one authority calls "one hundred per cent American mosaics" is his hobby, not his business, and he gets too much satisfaction from the pictures to commercialize them.

One of the finest of his pictures is a large representation of a battle scene with his antlered head upraised. Other animal studies fashioned entirely of the rough triangles of flint show a grizzly bear and a deer escaping from hunters.

Although the arrowheads in the collections of Miss Hill and Dr. Wittman are those which were used by American Indians, the arrow itself is so old a weapon and arrowheads so well preserved that collectors have a great many old varieties.

Experts can not only tell by what tribes the arrows were made but also what the particular arrowheads were probably used for. Arrows with a blunt or rounded end, for example, were used for various races for knocking over and stunning small animals and birds without dam-

aging their feathers or fur. Arrows with two or three points were made for fishing. Some of these have two delicately formed prongs of bone, very elastic and toothed on the inner edge as in a grip and hold the fish as if in a jaw.

Arrows were sometimes made to whistle in the air, some of those from Guatemala having a ball-shaped swelling below the point in which is a hole that produced this effect in flight.

Clever Pig That Fooled the Village Butcher

LONDON. AS A piglet, Adelbert didn't have much personality. He was just one of a large litter that grunted and squealed on the farm of a gentleman farmer, Mr. O. P. Craigie of Hatfield Park, England. But Adelbert is still alive today, a veritable patriarch among porkers, while his brothers and sisters have long since gone to market as smoked hams, pork sausages and other products in which the ordinary pig's career generally ends.

Although the local butcher of Hatfield Park has often looked appraisingly at Adelbert, he never sharpened his knife three or four times with that particular porker in mind, Adelbert isn't the least bit worried, for Margo, Mr. Craigie's young daughter, is his protector.

Many child psychologists have commented upon the curious friendship which exists between children and animals. Several months ago when Professor Julian Huxley was appointed head of London's famous zoo he, too, had this in mind and one of the first

things he did when he assumed directorship was to set apart a play corner in which children could visit and play with the animals. He had a tiger, chimpanzees and other furred and feathered inmates of the zoo. Among the visitors to the play corner was little Margo and she went merrily when she wasn't permitted to take one of the animals home for a pet.

That was how Adelbert came into the picture. Mr. Craigie, being a modern father as well as an affectionate one, could see nothing wrong in Margo having an odd pet. He even tried unsuccessfully to buy a penguin for her. That failing, he offered her a dog, a cat or even a Shetland pony, but little Margo would have none of them. She wanted a pet that was different.

Mr. Craigie didn't know what to do about the matter until one day his prize sow had a litter of pigs. He took Margo to the pen to watch them and offered her any one of the litter for a pet. Margo was interested immediately. She didn't select one that, however, but waited for a few days and picked Adelbert.

Her father was surprised at her selection for of all the pigs in the litter, Adelbert was the most undistinguished. He was puny, dirty and his grunts seemed to be a continuous round of porcine complaints with his lot. Oddly enough, those were the very reasons why Margo chose him. Some girls have dolls—that they pretend to feed and dress and bathe, she explained to her father. But she was more practical. Adelbert needed her. She could feed him and keep him clean. When he was small even now a Sunday but for him which he promptly sold and tore beyond repair when he wallowed in a mud puddle.

Under Margo's care, Adelbert became strong and healthy and was soon more than his mother's grunts, whom he ignored. In his own pig-like way he became quite attached to the little girl.

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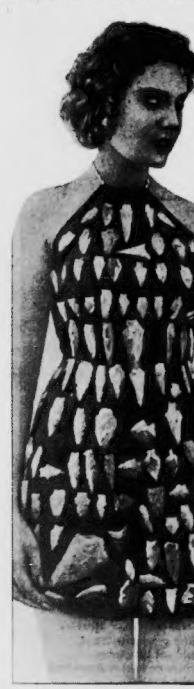
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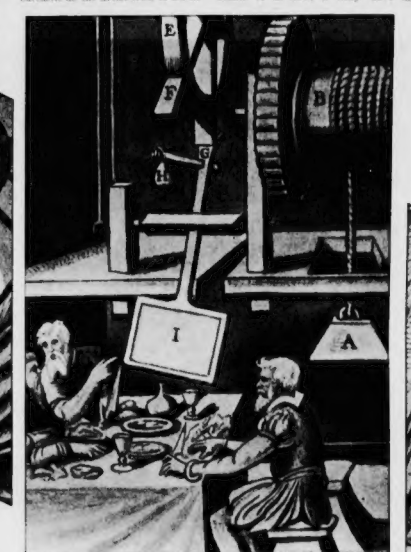
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Jean Hill, of Eastern Shore, Virginia, Made This "Play Suit" Covered With Her Valuable Hoards of Indian Arrows, Spear and Lance Heads Which Were Found in the Soil of Her Home State.



An Air-Conditioner of the 17th Century. From an Old Engraving Which Indicates That the Machine Actually Was Tried Out. The Weight (A) Turning the Spindle (B) Slowly Revolved a Wheel Which Pushed the Heavy Fan (I) Back and Forth Over a Table.

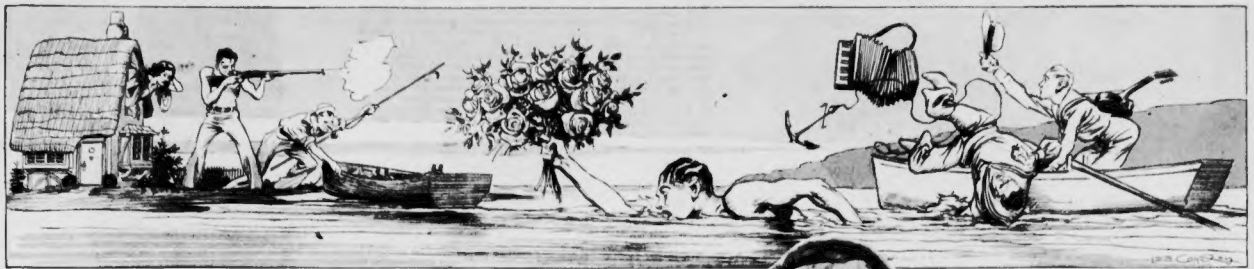


Back in 1561, Some Ingenious Inventor Played With the Idea of Man-Made Weather by Devising a Bellow. Attached to a Pipe Running Into a Primitive House, Working the Bellow Was a Hard Job But the Resulting Breeze Probably Did Provide Some Refreshing Summer Heat for the People Inside the Dwelling.

1917 Photo

This Pig Might Be Going to Market, But He Isn't Because He Had the Good Sense to Adopt the Young Resident of Hatfield Park, England, as His Special Friend. When It Came Butchering Time the Little Girl Made Such a Fuss That Her Father Promised to Keep the Big Porker Around the Place Instead of Having Him Converted Into Hams and Pork Chops.

Swam the River Twice a Day to Win Back His Ex-Wife



Broker Wilson Dunked Himself Valiantly for Love---But the Dog Chased Him; Tried It With a Bouquet---But Almost Drowned; Serenaded Her With Music---But the Answer Was Bullets

Probably Nobody Ever Tried to Re-Won an Ex-Wife So Originally as Mr. Wilson With His Daily Journeys Across the River, With and Without Flowers, and His Early Morning Serenades---But Every Time It Was Love's Labor Lost Once More.



The Domino Twins, Whose Efforts to Soften Mrs. Wilson's Heart With Song at 7:30 in the Morning Not Only Brought and Near Drowning.

"For if she will, she will, you may depend on it. And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on it."

—*Inspection on a Pillar at Canterbury, England—Author Unknown.*

MR. H. DOUGLAS WILSON, New York banker, now knows that this old English proverb is the broadest truth. His wife, Helen Ann Bark Getty Wilson, positively won't take him back, but how valiantly he tried and the end on it is so very, very sad.

Flowers advise everyone to "say it with flowers" and Mr. Wilson did so, swimming half way across New Jersey's Navesink River, waving a bouquet of American beauty roses, until he almost drowned. He said it from his bedroom window, with romantic lantern-flashes in the old 14-3 love code. He said it with Hawaiian musicians, serenading with tunes of honeymoon days from a rowboat, but the answer was—bullet.

Early this year, Helen obtained a separation from her husband, together with the custody of their daughter, Donna Maria Wilson, at that time just one month old. Then, last July, she went to Hot Springs, Arkansas, and had the judge make it a divorce.

Unhappily by this week, the devoted Douglas still pursued his Helen, catching up with her at a Boston hotel where he stayed her in the lobby with an irresistible surprise attack of passionate words.

To prove that both the divorce and the separation had been forgotten, they ceremoniously tore up the document, "in the presence of God and man" and also of the baby. But, apparently, the ceremony meant less to Mrs. Wilson than to her husband because she was soon straining at the leash to be on her own again. When Mr. Wilson reminded her of the document-tearing, she said to have replied:

"In the eyes of the court we are still divorced and that's what counts." "Can't I ever see you again?" he pleaded.

"No, never, and don't you dare try it," were her alleged final words.

Perseverent Mr. Wilson had heard that a woman's no means yes and, besides, Helen probably still loved him, he thought, and was merely rambunctious once in a while. This he considered quite natural because her father, the late Sam Bark, had been the manager of Clara Bow, during that star's wild-eyed screen days.

Mrs. Wilson flew away either in sorrow or in anger, but the ex-husband had an idea that she would settle down in her own, ivy-covered cottage at Locust, New Jersey, right on the bank of

the Navesink River. When she did this he was already in a strategic position, with rooms on the river front side of the Rumson Inn, exactly across the river in the town of Rumson.

From the inn's dock, a casual observer might think the river only about a quarter-mile wide but those who swim it, as Douglas Wilson did, call it half a mile.

There was no need of swimming, because right nearby stands a nice bridge which Douglas could have crossed on foot. But he knew his Helen's love for the water and was sure the path of conquest lay that way. Also there was a mean dog.

Douglas opened up the affectionate hostilities with love letters, telephone calls and flowers delivered in the conventional manner. Those skirmishes were gently repulsed, but he had expected that and he had gained his point. His beloved had been made conscious that he was in the inn across the river.

Well he knew that cottage and its estate, because he had lived there during the happy pre-rambunctious days. Evenings he sat patiently at his window, until the lights went on in Helen's bedroom, with its twin beds, one also empty. She would be preparing for bed.

Then the light went out and a shade went up. He knew she was standing in her nightgown, gazing out over the river. This was the moment to get over his love message.

Picking up an electric lantern, with a blue bulb to signify "true-blue," he swung it in such a way that from her window, over the river, the flashes came in the order of one, then four, then three. There was a pause, then he did it again, over and over.

In the days when there was still some light remaining from the honeymoon, the two had stood on a Manasquan beach, watching a light that flashed that same 1-4-3. To mariners

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The Besieged Ex-Wife, Mrs. Helen Ann Bark Getty Wilson—Not Looking So Unapproachable Here as Douglas Found Her.



H. Douglas Wilson, Helen's Determined but Unsuccessful Ex-Husband Re-Won.

Toby Lynch, Charming Night Club Singer Who, Rumor Says, Is Going to Take Helen's Place With Her First Husband, Mr. Getty.

Wilson decided on a bold plan. He would carry in one basket a bouquet of roses and land in defiance of the dog. If the wretched animal started to chase him up, Mrs. Wilson would surely take pity on him and drive the dog away—"Faint heart never won fair lady."

Next evening when Douglas saw his friend start across with a dozen long-stemmed American beauties brandished in one hand, he did not take the bridge but followed close behind in a rowboat. It was a good thing he did, because half way over the swimmer lost his roses and might have drowned had the proprietor been there to put him into the boat.

This was getting serious, so Mr. Douglas urged his guest to spend the evening with him at the Seabright Yacht Club where he would hear music and see his face.

"New faces," repeated Wilson. "That is the name of the revue, Toby Lynch, the girl my wife's first husband is going to marry appeared in. Toby is pretty but nobody is as pretty as my wife."

"Come on," commanded Douglas, "You are in bad shape."

Douglas did not want to go, but he could not refuse a man who had just saved his life, and so hiring a bell-boy, on his night off, to swing the lantern, they went. Mr. Wilson sat gloomily until the Domino Twins, Harry Raab and William Bauer started to play Hawaiian music, then he became all afire with an inspiration.

Douglas remembered that the happiest days of his honeymoon with Helen had been in Hawaii, listening to the native music. He would hire these boys to serenade Helen with her favorite tunes. The Domino Twins were willing for a reasonable consideration, as soon as they learned that the man wanted to serenade his own wife. No violence would come from that somewhat unusual request, but another hitch arose.

That little audience was annoying enough but worse was yet to come. A roaring dog came out of the house so fast that he went right into the river. Three times he swam around the boat barking, then went ashore just between the two boys and shook him-

self. This was all to the good because it sent the children into the house sleeping wet, but the dog barked on.

A servant in flannel trousers, pistol and shotgun now scattered down to the water. The Dominoes paused to take a pull at the bottle as he came.

"What the hurry, blankety blank are you doing here?" the armed man asked unpleasantly. The musicians were tongue-tied a moment, but Raab finally answered:

"We found a piano in the woods and thought we'd play."

That line has gotten a laugh ever since vaudeville started but Flannel Pants answer was to put a pistol bullet through a distant tin can. Turning he aimed at something between him and the boat.

"Hi!" "You'll hit somebody," Bauer yelled. The man put down the pistol but picked up the shotgun. Raab, who believes that comedy will save any situation, held out his hat and asked Flannel Pants if he could hit that.

"Hi!" went the gun and away flew the hat. As one man, the two musicians seized the oars, pulled a half a dozen mighty strokes and then fell over on their necks in the bottom of the boat. They had forgotten the anchor. Raab, in the bow, pulled so hard on the rope that he pulled himself and his accordion overboard. With his hair on end, Bauer had to fish out the musician and the instrument and finally they got back across the river.

That evening, when his accordion blew a bubble instead of a grace note, Raab had to stop and explain, thereby making the hit of his life.

When Wilson heard about it and the further development that Helen had packed up and left for a secret destination on the Pacific Coast, he remarked:

"I'm beginning to think she really doesn't love me any more."

Modernism Hits the Classic Ballet



Lieutenant Commander Hastic Launching Himself for a Sail on the Surface of a London Pool.

THE classical ballet has undergone a great change since the days of the czars when the Imperial Russian Ballet was admired and imitated throughout the world. The routine of the dance which once followed more or less set and formal patterns has been going modern with a vengeance, and the swirling skirts of the ballerinas are giving way to bizarre and imaginative outfits depicting various phases of present-day life as well as plants, machines and even playing cards.

One of the latest of these costumes, shown at the right, represents the Mexican century plant. It is worn by Miss Mary Binney Montgomery, Philadelphia society girl and ballet teacher, in her modern ballet "Maquety" and it is an excellent example of the new trend in this Terpsichorean field.

The ballet depicts the life of the Mexican peon which centers in the cultivation of the century plant. Since the plant is almost symbolic of the peon himself, Miss Montgomery designed the costume to represent it. It is a close-fitting dress that covers her entire body and is fastened at her heels. When she appears in it at first it resembles the stalk of the century plant with wide black stripes. Because the material is flexible, by various movements of her body she is able to produce odd effects, suggesting the growth of the plant. As the dress is expanded, for example,

the stripes widen and the ingenious costume takes on a fullness that is symbolic of plenty.

Some of the costumes worn by dancers in other ballets are equally unorthodox and unusual. In Budapest recently the ballet corps at the Royal Opera House enacted a strange and upsetting ballet called "Gas Attack!" In it some of the dancers wore the uniforms and gas masks which are actually given to members of gas rescue and "clean up" squads in some European cities in anticipation of air raids. The plot, with some interest added, closely patterned the action of a group of people during a modern air raid.

Another troupe of dancers, the American Ballet, enacted scenes as up-to-the-minute if not so ominous. One of its ballets called "Alma Mater" had as its topic an amusing picture of life at Yale University. The dancers bounded about the stage in the best classical manner but their antics had plain meaning to the audience.

The hero of the piece was not a faint romping with a very of wood nymphs, but a broad-shouldered football player showing off for his girl friends.

Another ballet which this skilful company enacted was called "The Card Party" and the dancing, in the classic manner, told a story familiar to Americans. In it the dancers took the part of playing cards in a game of poker. Four queens danced on the stage to be beaten by four aces and, as a grand finale, a royal flush came out over a smaller straight flush.

Miss Montgomery's "Maquety" ballet is in a much more serious vein than either "The Card Party" or "Alma Mater" but she has given her imagination free rein in the ultra-modern manner of costuming herself and her company.



Above, Mary Binney Montgomery, one of the Country's Leading Exponents of the Ballet, Dressed in a Costume Which Represents a Century Plant. She Designed the Strange Outfit for a Ballet on the Life of Mexico's Peons. Among Whom the Century Plant Is an Important Symbol.

Made Himself Into a Human Yacht

A LAZY man's paradise has been invented by Lieutenant-Commander W. P. Hastic, R. N. R., who is now superintendent of the Wood Green Open Air Bath in London. By means of his novel contraption, a man can turn himself into a boat and sail the seas with mainmast, topmast and jib all set to catch the breeze and fan his brow. By means of it, a

man can swim without exertion. One doesn't even have to know how to swim, because the cork base for the mast keeps the wearer afloat.

His feet form a kind of prow for the curious cork boat that keeps him afloat, and his outstretched arms serve as the rudders. He needs merely to turn his arms slightly to set whatever course he chooses.

In one of the pictures the lieutenant-commander can be seen "launching" himself from a chute. As the other picture shows, he quickly sets himself ready to catch the wind, and then just floats along.

It is said that hundreds of people have tried the new gadget and are so delighted with it that it is threatening to become a popular device at fashionable seaside resorts with people who like to combine the pleasures of boating and swimming without much effort.



The Human Yacht Underway. The Sails Are Fastened to a Float Strapped to the Body and the Hands Are Used for Rudders. The Device Weighs Only a Few Pounds and Is Not Uncomfortable to Wear.

Zoo Friendship That Puzzles Naturalists

SENTIMENTAL attachments among creatures of the zoo are a familiar thing and no wonder, either, considering the way the different animals get herded together with time on their hands, or rather paws, and nothing to do. They just naturally pick up platonic friendships over, or through, the wire fences.

But here's a new one on the head keeper at the Edinburgh, Scotland, zoo. As the picture shows, it is the strange attachment between a sea lion and an Egyptian gander. It's the first time the keeper ever heard of an amphibian and a fowl getting a "crush" on each other, but that's just about what it is.

The odd pair have carried their acquaintance to a degree at which it shuts out all other creatures. Thus, the gander will have nothing more to do with its own kin. It has "adopted" the sea lion and practically renounced the bird world.

In other words, the Egyptian gander is not merely leading a double life, cavorting in the air among other ganders and only

visiting the sea for variety's sake. Her sentiments cause her to follow him wherever he goes, on land and sea. That is, she follows the seal into the water when he takes it into his head to take a dip, and swims quietly alongside. The gander seems to have the seal trained, at least, he swims slowly enough for her to tag along gracefully and without any great show of haste.

He never seems to tire of her or want to get away. And when he stretches out on the rocks, she stands watch nearby. Occasionally he leans back affectionately to make sure she is there and grumbles sweet nothings to her.

She, on the other hand, tries to chase the female seals away, and so makes sure that his affections won't be alienated.

Why this touching friendship should have taken place, nobody seems to know. The unusual nature of it is such that it has attracted numbers of naturalists to come and observe it. They all agree that there is no question about it. These creatures of air and sea are as firmly attached to each other as if they did not have many stages of evolution dividing them.

Seals are well known for their friendliness and the same with which they are tamed and taught a great variety of difficult balancing tricks, but it is not often that the stick swimmers make friends with other members of the animal kingdom.



One of the Strangest Zoo Companionships Ever Formed—a Female Sea Lion and an Egyptian Gander at the Edinburgh Zoo. The Creatures Spend a Great Deal of Their Time Together, and the Naturalists Can't Figure Out Why They Ever Get Chummy in the First Place.

Jungle "Wall Street" Where Iron Is Gold

WALL STREET is supposed to be a sick place in matters of money. But apparently it can learn a thing or two about the workings of high finance in "darkest Africa." Recent joggings of the Liberian financial system have enabled the Mandingos natives there to "corner" the national wealth. With astonishing shrewdness they have manipulated iron money even though they have never heard of stock markets.

In fact, these primitive people thought they were doing something nobody thought of before. The Mandingos natives travel through the interior on horseback, itself a transport monopoly, for they are the only ones in Liberia who have horses. They likewise control the cattle.

But what entitles them to the name of financiers in any language is their spectacular iron coup. In Liberia, the official coinage is a piece of iron more than a foot long, and formerly worth about four cents apiece. Noting its low value, the Mandingos began to trade merchandise for the money, then kept the cash. In addition they got control of the mines from which the iron comes, and shortly found themselves able to price-fix money itself.

They jacked up the value of the money to double what they got it for, since when there is a shortage of anything—ever money—its price goes up. Now they are spending the accumulated iron at its present value, and are getting twice as much for their money.



Another Movement From the Mexican Ballet Showing the Modernistic Note in the Striking Contrast Between the Angles of Miss Montgomery and Two Members of Her Philadelphia Troupe.

Why Hundreds of Russians Changed Names

IN this country it sometimes happens that a person wants to change his name. Then he goes before a judge and if he can give a plausible reason for it, his "moniker" is legally transformed.

But in Russia there is now an epidemic of name-changing that is overworking the bureau ZAGS, where all marriages, divorces, deaths and births are registered.

It is as if they were so many Dr.

Jekyls asking to become Mr. Hydys by legal procedure.

The trouble is that the name Trotsky, for instance, was as common in Russia as Smith or Jones is in this country. Now Trotsky has become an accused name, linked with the Russian trials and purges, and carrying the same meaning as "traitor."

So, when somebody says "What's your name," and the poor Russian has to answer "Trotsky," likely as not he

will be spat upon in contempt. Nobody wants to be identified with a national villain.

Other names identified with "traitor," such as Zinoviev and Kamenev, who were recently tried and executed for alleged sabotage, also are being discarded. In place of these, the people adopt the names of national heroes, usually of aviators. Many are the Mr. Zhelezni and Mr. Volodyasovs since soon so named flew to America.

Professor Laird Explains That You Don't Have to Remain as Dumb as You Were Born and Gives Some Interesting Exercises for Becoming Brighter

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph.D., Sc.D.

Director College University Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, New York

NO ONE is likely to confess in an argument any personal lack of brain power, but even the greatest geniuses will acknowledge to themselves that they could use a little more of it.

Think for most people, is the first step toward getting more. One of the most helpful conclusions of modern psychology is that almost everybody's brain power can be increased.

A few years ago it appeared to scientists that a person's brain power was all settled at birth—that it was inborn, inherited, and that nothing could be done to improve it. That would indeed be pessimistic, if it were true. This fatalistic belief of scientists led some of them to urge birth control, immigration restriction and other measures to help the level of our national brain power.

But now we know that one does not have to be as dumb as he was born. Neglect of the right ways of using brain power has made the national level seem worse than it really is.

By intricate new mathematical methods, Dr. Louis I. Thurstone, University of Chicago engineer-psychologist, has uncovered a real map of brain-power which can be used to point the way for lasting improvements in these powers. Experimenting on a group of people with a total of 56 different psychological measurements of each person, Dr. Thurstone uncovered for the first time seven primary inclinations of brain-power.

These seven brain factors, discovered only in recent months, combine in different proportions in each person to give him his total brain-power. Brain-power is not a simple thing—it is seven different factors mixed into one, seven powers which combine together to make a person average or a duf, brilliant or dull.

These powers of our seven-cylinder brains are illustrated in the questionnaire at the right-hand top of this page. The reader can try himself out in each of them. To improve in brain-power, the wise thing is to strengthen the factors in which one shows up as weakest. People with six of the powers good, but with a seventh low, appear much less intelligent than they actually are.

Everybody has their ups and downs in these powers. Probably not one person in a million has all of them developed to the same degree, but that does not keep them from making a mark in the world. Patrick Henry, for instance, was a marvelous orator but could not write letters. Washington Irving, on the other hand, was a brilliant writer who was tongue-tied as a talker. And Professor Einstein has wonderful faculty with numbers and for induction in higher mathematics, but his everyday memory is one of the world's worst.

The mind powers of men and women do not follow the same patterns. Women go ahead of men, for instance, in word-fluency and in perceptual speed in reading. But women lag behind men in the powers which determine faculty in handling numbers and also in induction—that is probably why most scientists and detectives are men.

There is no one corner or spot in the brain in which each separate mind factor is located. The old-time phrenologists' charts of the head mapped off into regions were not in harmony with what is now known. There is no bump or brain center, for dealing with numbers, for memory, etc. The seven factors appear in normal individuals to be a function of practically each and every brain cell. The seven factors are scattered throughout the nervous substance of the brain.

This is shown dramatically in these modern instances where a person has the front half, or an entire side, of his brain removed without one of the seven mind-powers being affected more than the others. When brain-power is reduced following these amazingly surgical operations, it is usually reduced in all respects, not just one or two powers.

How many brain cells a person owns, probably has nothing to do with brain-power. Half of the brain has been removed in cases with only a slight change in brain-power. And, anyway, there is no way of increasing the number of brain cells. In fact, each year we probably have fewer brain cells than the year before, since those which die off, or are injured, are never replaced. Skin will replace itself, but brain cells will not. So it is perhaps just as well that the number of cells has nothing to do with brain-power. It is quality, not quantity, that counts.

Wolfgang von Goethe, the Great German Poet, Genius, Whose Word Sense and Visual Imagery Were Developed Almost to the Point of Insanity—the Other Five Brain Cylinders Hardly Functioning.

Leonardo da Vinci, the Universal of Genius, Whose Seven Elements of Brain Power All Seem to Have Functioned Perfectly.

Improving brain-power on a nation-wide scale is vitally important for the well-being of our country, as well as for the happiness and success of people themselves. Authorities in every state agree on this. In survey after survey it has been discovered that one reason so many people have trouble holding a job is because of low brain-power. It is also an outstanding cause of poverty and crime. And authorities think that since the early Colonial days the brain-power of the country has been going down, slowly but steadily and perhaps discontinuously in the long run.

Dr. R. B. Cattell has recently published the findings of a remarkable study in England in which the exact status of brain-power was measured. Dr. Cattell discovered that only since the World War England's brain-power has been skidding downward at the rate of one Intelligence Quotient point each ten years.

Probably the same thing holds in the United States. In fact, our skidding may actually be faster. At this rate we have gone down something like 15 points in Intelligence Quotient since the Revolutionary days. If this rate of dropping off keeps on, mental deficiency or feeble-mindedness will be increased by around 25 per cent in thirty more years. And in one generation there will be only half as many persons of near-genius calibre in the farming sections, while in the cities these best



The 7 Cylinders of Your Mental Motor See How Long It Takes You to Answer.

1—NUMBER FACILITY

After spending 1/2 of his money, a man had \$8 left. How much did he have to start with?
What 7 coins add up to 51 cents?
Halves . . . Quarters . . . Dimes . . . Nickels . . . Pennies.

2—WORD FLUENCY

Put one word in each blank: To . . . friends is always I take
Would a deluge fill a smothering trellis? Ans. Yes or no.

3—VISUALIZING ABILITY

The clock shows 4 minutes before 5 o'clock. If the hands were changed, the short going where the long one is, and vice versa, what time would the clock show then?
When the largest possible diamond is drawn inside of a square, how many pieces is the square divided into?

4—MEMORY

What States are touched by the Mississippi River? Who were your last five school teachers?

5—SPEED OF PERCEPTION

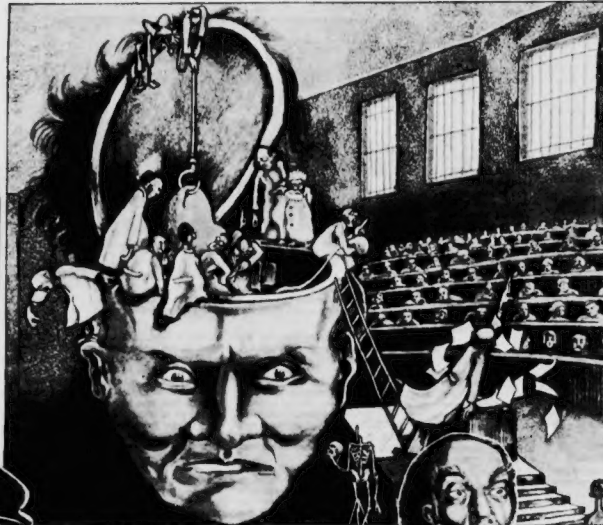
What article of men's clothing is spelled by these letters: T E N I C K E R
Are these numbers the same?
4 1 1 8 1 9 0 0 7 2 4 4 1 1 8 1 9 0 0 7 2 8

6—INDUCTION

Put the two numbers that should come next on the blank lines: 3 6 . . . 16 18 36
Evolution is to revolution as crawl is to what?

7—VERBAL REASONING

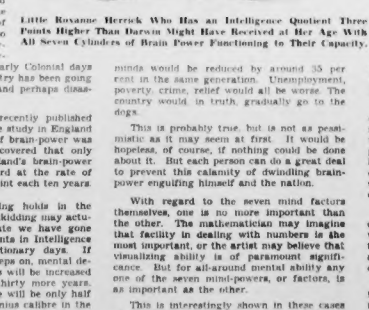
Which line below gives the meaning of this proverb: "No wind can do him good who steers for no port."
Follow the river and you will get to sea.
Help is no benefit to those who have no object in life.
The middle path is the safe path.



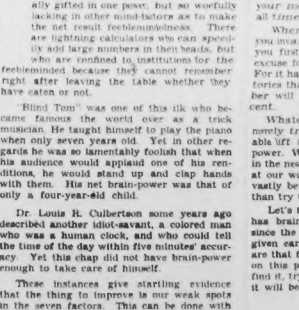
Curious German Cartoon Showing the "Ultimate Clinic"—Students Studying What Makes Brain Power Inside an Enormous Head.



Little Roxanne Herrick Who Has an Intelligence Quotient Three Points Higher Than Her Own Age With All Seven Cylinders of Brain Power Functioning to Their Capacity.



"The Fanatic" the Central Figure from the European Artist Edward Munch's Extraordinary Painting—This Fanatic Type Is Explained as Having Too Much Energy in Word Fluency (3) But Not Enough Induction (6).



complicated apparatus or following any silly exercises. There are several easy-to-use secrets of improving brain-power which psychologists have tested out in their laboratories and which, faithfully followed, will enable anyone to improve his brain-powers. In some progressive colleges, students are already being trained in these secrets.

Authorities agree that number facility, which comes first on Dr. Thurstone's questionnaire, is had in so many people chiefly because arithmetic has been poorly taught in most public schools. Instead of teaching how to think with numbers, the schools have just had the pupils memorize the tables of multiplication, addition and subtraction. One new start for a growing mind is to use its own number facility to find out five different ways of adding ordinary numbers—that is, to spend at least 15 minutes each day working current problems of the day, such as the grocery bill, entirely in one's head.

Scientists have not measured how much word fluency improves Dr. Thurstone's word fluency test, but it can be expected that these puzzles help somewhat, especially if a devotee is able to ascertain the meanings of the new words and then use word fluency in several times as often as it becomes part and parcel of their vocabulary. Another way to build word fluency is by acquiring a new word each day, and using it at least six times the next day. Again, it is multiplying much more than exercising that will turn the trick.

Visualizing ability can be helped along by similar appropriate practice, while riding on the subway, while waiting for someone, or while listening to the radio. Recall things you have seen—right now, for example, recall the cover page of this magazine. Help out both visualizing ability and perceptual speed by seeing in imagination the window display of your corner grocer, the arrangement of the instrument board of a friend's automobile, or anything. Or think as vividly as you can of how your room used to look before, and then in your "mind's eye" think how it would appear if you changed the furniture around differently. The vital part of visualizing ability is in this creative part—how things would look if you changed them, and that is what should be given fully half of the practice time.

Perhaps the mental lack which most people complain about in themselves is a poor memory. But this cylinder of the mental engine can easily be tuned-up and its performance greatly improved by a trick so simple that it is difficult to believe in it until it has been tried. But don't complain that you were "born with a poor memory" until you have used this long enough that it has become a firmly ingrained habit which you cannot do without.

When you are introduced to a person, do you invariably try to remember his name? You first hear it? If you don't there is no excuse for saying, "I can't remember names." What we read in the newspapers, see in the newsreels, hear over the radio, talk about at our work, all of these can be remembered very better if we do nothing more difficult than try to remember.

Whatever it is that should be remembered, merely trying to remember that gives that sizeable lift to the memory faculty of our brain-power. What we read in the newspapers, see in the newsreels, hear over the radio, talk about at our work, all of these can be remembered very better if we do nothing more difficult than try to remember.

Let's try this out right now. How rapidly has brain-power been declining in England since the World War? The exact figure was given earlier in this article, but the chances are that few remember the figure. Now, look on this page for that figure, and when you find it, try to remember it. After you do this, it will be difficult for you ever to forget it.

(Continued on Page 24)

Giggled Her Way Into an Earldom



Whatever Chatter in the Air Virginia Built, She Didn't Include the Stately Osterley Park of the Earl of Jersey, Nor Herself as the Countess Watching the Historic Sages on That Estate as the Photograph Above Shows Her With the Earl

Cinderella Romance of Virginia Cherrill, Whose Father Was a Poor Farmer but Her Mother a Good Cook—and the Voice That Wouldn't Do in Hollywood but Landed Her in the British Peerage

AMERICA supplied England with the Cinderella of 1917 when Virginia Cherrill married the handsome young Ninth Earl of Jersey, capturing one of the finest old British titles and becoming mistress of four magnificent palaces, 20,000 acres of landscaped estates and several cubic feet of ancestral jewels.

The beautiful blonde film actress, now a Countess, was born on an American farm, near Carthage, Illinois. Her father, James E. Cherrill, was a poor farmer, and it is said to have admitted it by leaving his wife and baby daughter a note in which he is credited with the opinion that he wasn't cut out to till the soil.

Virginia's mother, Mrs. Blanche Cherrill, took little "Gussy" and their few belongings to the child's grandfather, Mr. A. E. Wilson, who might also be called a sort of poor farmer. At least he was superintendent of the State Poor Farm, at La Harpe. Mr. Wilson sat down on his tobacco and other luxury allowances to help put his pretty granddaughter through grammar school while Mrs. Cherrill looked for work.

But when Virginia was ready for Junior High School, it took more than that to satisfy the mother's ambition for her daughter. Mrs. Cherrill had been working for some time as cook and manager for a Chicago catering concern, and had won a similar position at Kemper Hall, Kenosha, Wisconsin. Kemper Hall is a fashionable school attended by daughters of Chicago's wealthy families, and the mother was able to make an advantageous deal of all concerned. As part of Mrs. Cherrill's compensation, the school educated Virginia in all the arts and graces of being a perfect lady.

Right there little Cinderella began preparing for some such great event as that which has just come to pass, the winning of her "Earl Charming" of whom she had never heard because he was then just a boy learning to play cricket at Eton. It was a modern and much improved version of the original Cinderella idea because in this case the mother did all the work in the school's kitchen. There was good reason, besides her beauty, in this girl because she is said to trace her descent, on the father's side, through generations of English gentry to the "Great Protector."

In Europe today, "protector" means the equivalent of "sugar daddy." But this one was not that kind at all. He was the Lord Protector of England, the famous Puritan dictator, Sir Oliver Cromwell. Among her classmates was Evelyn Leclerc, destined to become the present movie star, known as Sue Carroll. All the girls were taught how to greet anyone, from the King of England down and to take a belted Earl in their stride, except that ladies do not stride.

Virginia was excellent in English, not so much in speaking, as in reading and writing it. In one thing, however, the teachers seem strangely to have failed. They could not quite tune her voice down to the cultured modulation and were entirely unable to suppress a remarkable giggle but, as things turned out, this was all for the best.

Virginia became the "Venus of 1923"



Countess of Jersey, When She Arrived in England, Having Literally Made the Grade From the Farm to the Peerage.



The Earl of Jersey and His First Wife, Who Was Miss Patricia Richards, But Who Is Now Happily Married to a London Broker.

by winning the golden apple at the Chicago Artie Ball that year which is more useful to an ambitious girl than a pair of glass slippers. With this grand advertisement she was headed for the heights, but she overbore them, with a premature triumph that might have discouraged an ordinary beauty.

At the age of twenty, she visited her friend Sue Carroll at Hollywood and was taken to a prize fight. In a quiet moment between rounds, Virginia was moved to let that characteristic giggle of hers, causing everyone, within

several yards to turn and look at the giggler. Among the eyes that gazed was an important pair belonging to Charlie Chaplin, whose worry at the moment was to find someone to play the most flower girl in his next picture.

The comedian decided that the giggle was a sign and went, sent for his best friend, the suggestion of blind, and he noted that Virginia's eyes were set far apart, heavy-lidded and of such light blue that as he knew, they would photograph almost white, giving the suggestion of blindness without much makeup.

Chaplin lost no time in assigning Virginia to the part. Just one dissonant voice arose. Mrs. Cherrill's mother-in-law told her that somehow Hollywood was not on the route to her daughter's destiny. But mother was mistaken; for Cinderella all made lead to destiny. They can't go wrong, though it certainly did look that way for awhile.

Virginia note that made good, beginning at the top, virtually a star. Audiences raved over this new-born star. It seemed as if she had reached the top in one bound, but in this new golden age there turned out to be a large-sized worm.

Chaplin's film, "City Lights," in which Virginia had made her bow as the poor blind girl, was a silent picture,

but now sound pictures were the thing, actors must speak and the experts criticized Virginia's voice as "upper register and midwest nasal," keeping her out of such parts as she desired. Nothing was said about the giggle which was an oversight because, like May Yuck's top note which won that woman the title of Lady Hope and the famous Hope diamond, it has a sort of hypnotic effect on men.

Unable to obtain a part worthy of her, on account of Hollywood's prejudice against her voice, Virginia was seized with a bright idea which turned out, in all her glory, but in her case was not as good as if it had been right. English films were invading America, and noticing that American audiences could hardly understand a word the English actors spoke, Miss Cherrill reasoned that her voice would be of small importance in English movies, so she crossed the Atlantic.

Her logic proved to be a fallacy because English directors did not like her voice any better than the Hollywood ones did. Yet it was all for the best because otherwise she would not have met George Francis Child-Villiers, Viscount Grandison of Limerick, Ireland; Viscount Villiers of Berford, Baron Villiers of St. Kent, etc. Ninth Earl of Jersey, after which an important and a sovereign American state were named. With the title went not only estates but plenty of money in the banks to maintain them. Also he was handsome and twenty-seven years old, two years younger than herself.

It was the psychological moment in giggle and she did not miss it. The result was

love at first sight and sound.

There was a slight impediment in the fact that the Earl's manions were being groomed and the ancestral jewels worn by a Countess, the former Patricia Richards of Connecticut, Connecticut in New South Wales, belonging to Australia's very highest elite. It did not matter, everything has to get off the track for a Cinderella. The Peer of the Realm explained to his spouse how things were and she obligingly turned in her title and the jewels at the divorce court.

While this process, rather slow in the English courts, was going on, his lordship followed Miss Cherrill in Hollywood. Even with a ninth generation behind Earl, known to be still the lords of the studios stubbornly disliked the Virginia voice so the couple scampered back to London, where one of two little formalities remained to be done, including, if possible, obtaining the consent of the Earl's mother, the Dowager Countess. This was achieved. It is said, without aid of the giggle whose magic does not usually work on persons of her own sex.

Virginia had two matrimonial strikes on her, either one of which would have disqualified the original Cinderella, but modern ones are different. At the age of eighteen, she had married Irving A. Grant, Chicago attorney, but within a year had decided that, though wealthy and good looking, he was not quite her "Prince Charming," and they were divorced. There were many near-matches, including one screen actor. Some of the others, however, would qualify as destiny for most any girl.

For instance, William Randolph Stewart of New York was about as eligible as anyone could be without a title and more so than that, most, when he heard that giggle in Hawaii on the sands of Waikiki. Promptly he showed away all the fair promises and everything was set for the most romantic wedding one could imagine.

The ceremony was to be performed aboard, Vincent, Astoria, yacht, the Nourmahal, beyond the three-mile limit where Mr. Astor who holds a navigator's license, would be clothed in the authority as captain, of marrying them. Also he was clothed in a captain's uniform, specially made for the occasion because never before had there been any reason why the owner should appear in a sailing master's uniform. Alas, Mr. Astor wanted his time and money on that captain's regalia. The yacht put to sea, with the bride, the

bridalroom and many eminent guests all in gala spirit.

A few hours later it steamed back again, with everyone looking as glad as if Captain Astor had performed a sea funeral instead of marriage. Miss Cherrill and Mr. Stewart went ashore separately, with no sign of a wedding ring nor sound of a giggle. What had happened?

Nothing, absolutely nothing at all! explained the war-bride, except that the engagement had been broken by mutual consent.

What caused the breaking has not been divulged and must remain a deep-sea mystery. Some blame it to the presence astute of the screen's great lover, Cary Grant, who was Mac West's leading man. As circumstantial evidence, they point to the fact that Virginia married Grant soon after.

Virginia became Mrs. Grant three years ago and, strangely enough, only three years from the Registrar's office where the other day she announced her third and, no doubt, final and perfect wedding. Cary Grant was expected to be the happiest man in the world because he had married one of his most beautiful women who would give him that unobscuring giggle, like a rose, fall any time of the day or night he needed a stimulant.

Something sadly different happened. According to Virginia's divorce complaint, first he became sulky, then moose, then he took to drink, became cruel and finally at the end of only seven months deserted her, saying that it was a mistake.

In collecting reparations for the mistake, Virginia told the court that she could not possibly exist on less than \$1,000 a month which was the amount Mr. Grant was paid each week. Of course the cost of living has gone up since the days of the original Cinderella, but the judge had a theory that she could pinch along on a little less and cut it down to \$750. This seems to have been correct because she remained sufficiently acquainted to marry an Earl the first chance she got at one.

Anyone who marries an Earl of Jersey rates about as pompous a wedding as can be staged, with a white cathedral, of eminent guests, including one or two specimens of royalty. But this one was quiet, and informal, the only important witness being the titled mother-in-law.

Just at that time came word that someone had located the bride's father. He had married a red-haired lady and was living on a Kansas farm.

Whether he is cut out for it or not, that his "wedding" the bride is said to have remarked, with a giggle. The former wife of the Earl Patricia, who so gracefully moved out of the castle at Osterley Park, Middlesex, to make the room for Virginia, herself smiled happily the other day when she became the bride of Robert Viner Wilson, a London stock broker—and this fairy story seems to have ended happily, as usual.

Death Goes on Parade for a Lesson to Reckless Drivers

Tragic Toll of Drunkenness and Carelessness Is Pictured in the Pageant of Horror, Staged in Birmingham, Alabama, in the Hope That It Will Shock Dangerous Drivers Into Sanity



The Electric Chair With a "Condemned Murderer" Seated in It Was Exhibited to Compare Careless Motorists With the Criminal Type of Killer.

EVERY 15 minutes, night and day throughout the year, someone is killed in an automobile accident, and every half minute someone is injured. In 1936 the motor car death toll amounted to 36,800 which was approximately 15 per cent of all the deaths in the United States. And the injured reached the appalling number of 967,840. These deaths and injuries from automobile accidents mount from year to year.

Speed maniacs and road hogs caused most of the casualties. All around the country efforts have been made to impress motorists with the dangers of reckless driving. Towns and cities have erected signposts and warnings of all sorts at spots where fatal accidents have happened.

A most aggressive campaign against dangerous drivers was recently staged in Birmingham, Alabama. Last August the Junior Chamber of Commerce in that city sponsored a safety week which ended with a "parade of horrors." This was the strangest parade ever seen. Its aim was to horrify spectators so much that they would not only feel the urge to drive their own cars safely, but would also caution others to be careful.

Every section of the parade was planned to impress the spectators with the destructive powers of a moving car in the hands of a careless or irresponsible driver.

The parade took place at the busy noon hour through the downtown district of Birmingham. At the head of the procession were four horsemen dressed in black. They represented the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse: Famine and War. The horseman of Death was ahead of the other three. A placard explained that he represented traffic deaths now more numerous than any other type of fatal accidents in modern life.

Automobiles wrecked in past accidents followed the horsemen. Many of these machines were just a mass of twisted metal while others showed broken and blood-stained windows and windshields. All these wrecks were collected from the city's junk yards and on each were painted numbers showing how many persons had been killed and injured in them.

After the wrecks there was a string of 58 trucks bearing coffins, one for each of the city's fatalities since the beginning of the year. Here and there among these make-believe hearses were

trucks on which baby coffins were prominently displayed. Signs on these tiny boxes bore the following warning: "If someone isn't careful, the next one might be made for your child."

Then float after float passed showing young men and women hanging unconscious over broken windows, lying in pools of blood or calling for help from the inside of wrecked automobiles. The parade as a whole presented all the horrors of traffic accidents more vividly than the Italian poet, Dante, portrayed the sufferings of sinners in hell.

One float depicting a young man brashing his last over the broken window of his wrecked car carried the legend:

Johnny got drunk.

And it went to his head.

He tried to drive a car

Now Johnny is dead.

In the middle of the street in an open grave was shown the skeleton of "Dangerous Dan Peel" and a tombstone above the grave told the sad story of a cowboy driver. There was also an electric chair in the parade with a condemned convict seated in it which compared the criminal type of a killer with the reckless motorist.

In order to intensify the effects of the parade, a large band, marching behind the four horsemen, played funeral dirges without stopping, and helping out the band, mechanical music boxes turned out mournful tunes. And to give further point to the sad music many ambulances joined the parade with their sirens steadily screaming a message of peril and death.

The general grimness of the parade

was somewhat lightened by a number of pretty women recruited from local hospitals. At closer inspection, however, even these girls in white were seen to be working over bleeding accident victims who lay on stretchers carried on large trucks.

The solemn procession made a deep impression on the thousands of spectators lining the streets. They all looked grave and thoughtful and many wiped away tears as the passing scenes brought to their minds past accidents in their families or among their friends. A survey made among those watching the parade brought out the fact that no less than seven out of ten spectators had been involved in automobile accidents at one time or another.

All along the path of the parade "burials" were staged. At these places, inert forms were lowered into temporary graves. There were women who became hysterical at the sight as they remembered someone dear to them who had been buried as the result of a fatal automobile accident.

"The lesson of the parade of horrors was a grim one," said John R. Foster, general chairman in charge of

Here lies the body of Dangerous Dan Peel Who thought he was a big shot behind the wheel

Skeleton of "Dangerous Dan Peel" Placed in the Middle of the Street, Depicting an Open Grave With the Sad Story of a "Cowboy" Driver Written On His Tombstone.

YOUR CHILD MAY BE NEXT STOP & THINK

A Truck Just Behind "The Four Horsemen" in the Parade, Carrying Five Little Caskets of Children Killed by Autos.

Johnny got drunk, And it went to his head. He tried to drive a car. Now Johnny is DEAD!

the celebration of traffic safety week, but it was no more serious than it should have been. And it was not too serious for the spectators. We believe this method of impressing motorists was more graphic and lasting than either our speeches or our newspaper education. Everyone who witnessed the parade could actually see the crashing of the machines, could hear the cries of the injured and could see the results of careless driving."

The idea of the parade of horrors in Birmingham was not a new one. In 1935 a similar parade was organized in Dallas, Tex. In the Dallas parade, however, there were only fifteen floats. A figure of death was shown with the announcement that tuberculosis had decreased 27 per cent in recent years while death from automobile accidents jumped 29 per cent and was still increasing.

Another float showed a miniature cemetery with white crosses, each one indicating a Dallas motor victim. A huge figure of a road hog was on one of the floats whiff on another a wrecked automobile was carried with a dummy figure hanging out of the window.

The Dallas drive for safety was started with sermons in 51 churches, in which ministers urged motorists on the road to adopt the Golden Rule as their own.

To unto others as you would have them do unto you. Do not kill your fellowman, do not maim him, do not destroy his property. He is your brother and when you sin against him you sin against the Father."

The effectiveness of the week's drive in Dallas against speed violators, careless drivers and road hogs was demonstrated when one of the clergymen made a personal test by stopping out into the street where he apparently had no business to be.

"Three hundred automobiles stopped to let me pass, though I was in the wrong," the minister said.

The safety drive in Birmingham, however, did not pass as safely. At the time the horror procession was crawling through the center of the city a Negro woman was seriously injured only a few blocks away when the car in which she was riding collided with another machine. And before the official celebration of the safety week was over, a pedestrian was killed by an automobile on the main street over which the horror parade had passed.

Although other cities do not use horror parades, they point a warning film

Motor Trucks Loaded With Coffins to Impress Speeders and Other Reckless Drivers That "You May Be Next!"

against careless and drunken drivers by posting various slogans on prominent crossings, such as "Go slow and see our town, go fast and see our judge." Some towns have installed "death harrowers" which show every day the number of dead and injured people in automobile accidents during the year.

A short time ago the New York Police Department set up a public exhibition of striking photographs of various kinds of motor accidents. These pictures without comments carried their own message.

One simple rule of driving would almost end car accidents which occur because of the driver's fault, and not because of some mechanical defect on the car itself. The simple rule is: Drive your car in such a manner that you are careful enough not only for yourself, but also for the other driver, because you can never tell how careless the other fellow is.

A veteran driver, who in seventeen years has never had an accident, pertinently summed up his own philosophy of the highway.

"I set out on the road absolutely convinced that every other driver is a lunatic on the loose, that every pedestrian wandering along the roadside has reached that spot with the intention of committing suicide by jumping under an automobile, and that all other drivers ever stopped at the stop sign in his life."

If most of the drivers would follow this philosophy perhaps no horror parades would be necessary. While lunatic drivers are hanging out on highways, however, the horror parades will not help much unless they are accompanied by strict traffic laws.

On September 1, 1936, a new traffic law went into effect in New York State. This law provides the revocation of the driver's license from anyone convicted three times within 18 months for reckless driving or spending in addition to many fines and jail sentences even for first offenders.

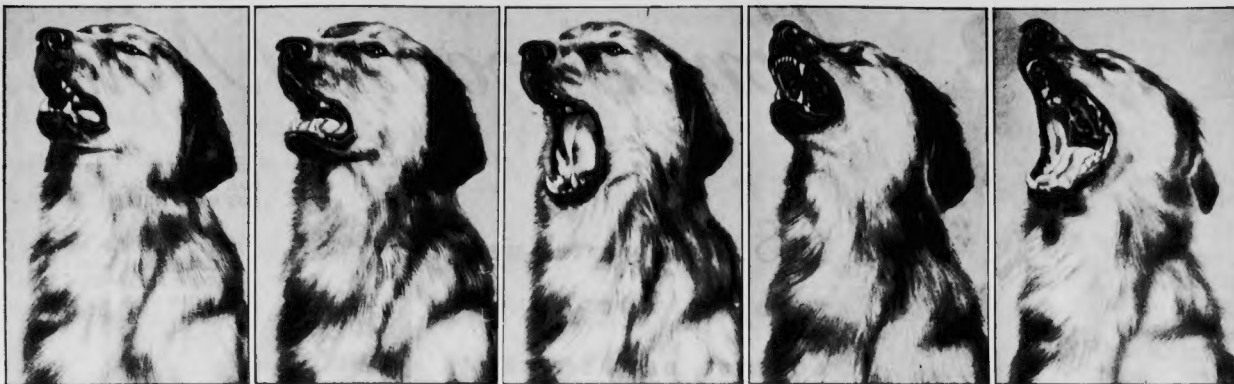
The law does not provide for a speed limit, but a speed of more than 40 miles an hour is considered as a presumptive evidence of operating a passenger automobile at a rate of speed that is not careful and prudent. It is up to the driver to convince the court that he was not engaged in reckless driving.

This law seems to have brought positive results according to monthly official reports. New York City has the lowest automobile death rate in point of population of all large cities in the United States.

Realizing how short the memory of the ordinary being is, many agencies besides the police, State legislatures and chambers of commerce are engaged in trying to drive home the lesson in safe driving which the Birmingham horror parade was supposed to teach. Among these agencies are, first of all, the newspapers which, like the police departments often exhibit daily pictures of the "death harrowers" showing how many persons were killed in the current 24 hours and also the number of casualties since the beginning of the year.

Several educational institutions have been doing excellent work in concentrating their safety drives for the benefit of children. Notable along this line of education is the work of the Highway Education Board which, realizing that the automobile is too familiar a sight to children to interest them deeply, has made a number of motion picture films on the subject of safety and carelessness. In these films the automobile has been cast in the role of a living creature by having its front masked so as to appear like a human face, and which, by means of a sound track actually talks to the little spectators when the films are shown in schools or public halls.

In such films, the way accidents happen is shown by having the cars bump into each other and into pedestrians and then cars themselves appearing all banged up and otherwise damaged, speak to the children, telling them what mistakes were made by their irresponsible drivers and how such accidents might have been averted.



"I Want My Ma MA!!!"
Lip Readers Can Easily Distinguish What Human Beings Are Saying by Studying the Movements of the Lips, but These Studies Show How a Dog Approximately Simulates the Same Sounds.



One of the Talking Dog's Best and Most Understandable Utterances Is When He Calls "Aunt Mary."

A T REMARKABLE demonstration held the other day in Baltimore for The American Weekly, Mrs. Hilda M. Lenhart, formerly of Bureau, N. J., undertook to prove to a select committee of scientists and dog fanciers that she has actually taught her dog, "Brownie," how to talk, and on this page today is shown, a striking series of photographs made during the demonstration with a sound-track moving picture camera, in order to catch the exact position of the dog's lips, tongue and teeth as each syllable was uttered.

Considerably impressed by what they saw and heard, members of the committee reported that it could not have been accomplished by ventriloquism, nor apparently any other trick, but that the sounds really came from the dog's throat. And it was fairly simple to identify the sounds, which bore a surprising resemblance to human speech.

In each instance, the words appeared to be a sensible answer to a question from Mrs. Lenhart, who believes that Brownie not only understands her questions but also knows the meaning of his replies. Whether or not this is true, the committee found that Mrs. Lenhart has certainly trained the dog to shape his mouth and tongue in various positions and then expel his breath under the proper control, so that the sounds he makes are curiously similar to certain English words.

Rather like a precocious child, all set to show off before Sunday afternoon visitors, Brownie sat in a chair, facing a battery of cameras, sound equipment, klieg lights and a dozen or so spectators. Close around him were the members of the committee—Dr. E. W. Slickel, a throat specialist and graduate of Johns Hopkins University; Dr. A. R. Wilkerson, a graduate of the University of Maryland; George Robertson, secretary of the Maryland Kennel Club; and John J. Fahey, Jr., a dog breeder, officer of the Baltimore Kennel Club and accredited judge of the American Kennel Club.

This was the first time Brownie had ever appeared before movie cameras and klieg lights, and at first they were all that interested him. But when Mrs. Lenhart came forward with a tin of dog food and a can of sardines his ears perked up and he watched her intently for his first cue. And the members of the committee strained forward, almost as excited as he was.

"What do you say to the gentlemen?" began Mrs. Lenhart, but Brownie said nothing. All at once he seemed to be stricken with stage fright.

"Brownie" the Dog That Talks

Remarkable Photographs Taken During a Demonstration for The American Weekly by Mrs. Lenhart's Pet, Who Astonished Scientific Spectators by Speaking Complete Sentences

"Come, come," his mistress urged. "Where are your manners? What does a polite dog say to his guests?"

Still Brownie said nothing, and just as the silence was getting painful, somebody broke the tension by snickering. That made the dog look around with an expression that seemed to be reproachful. Then he raised his head, spread his mouth, and pressed the tip of his tongue against his lower teeth. His breath came out with a guttural sound.

"Hello!"

Deliberately with a precision that was slow and difficult, he shifted the position of his tongue and changed the shape of his mouth, syllable by syllable.

"How-are-you?"

The sounds mimicked the distinctness of ordinary human speech by a wide margin, but they were enough like those particular words to be recognized. They came in flat and tongueless gasps, rather like the first words of a child who has been born deaf and is learning to speak by imitating the lip and tongue movements of normal people.

After giving Brownie a spoonful of dog food, Mrs. Lenhart asked: "Now what do you say?"

With similar mouth contortions, he got out the sounds:

"I-love-you"

But when Mrs. Lenhart asked him to tell the visitors he was hungry he ran into difficulties. He did all right with the "I-am-hungry" but just could not get out the final syllable, even though he strained for about five minutes, until saliva was dripping from his tongue. This Mrs. Lenhart explained, was because of the heat from the klieg lights. Instead of perspiring through the pores of the skin, as humans do, dogs perspire through the tongue, and that was why Brownie was having trouble forming his words. So his mistress gave him a sardine and let him rest a while. Then she asked: "Can you say Aunt Mary?"

After several false starts, he finally got it out.

Aunt-Mary-ree

She explained that she had taught him to say this to please an aunt of hers who was once coming for a visit. Brownie's final stunt was the most difficult of all—a sentence with five syllables in it, repeated out with appropriate gestures.

A little boy fell off his bicycle," began Mrs. Lenhart. "And then what did he do?"

Brownie made whimpering sounds and rubbed his eyes with his fore paws, as if wiping away tears.

"And what did he say?" asked Mrs. Lenhart.

The dog contracted his lips, opening and shutting his mouth and moving his tongue back and forth, as his breath came out in short spurts.

"I want my ma-ma."

Assisted by Dr. Wilkerson, Dr. Slickel then examined the dog's throat, with the other two committee members standing by his side, and afterwards he made this statement:

"It is one of the most remarkable demonstrations I have ever seen or heard. There is no explanation that I can give. From my examination of the dog's throat, I'm convinced that there has been no operation on the vocal cords. I can also say there was no trickery—no ventriloquism. The sounds of those words positively came from deep down in the dog's throat. All I know is that dogs are of exceptionally high intelligence, and Mrs. Lenhart has evidently been able to train this one to repeat words after her."

How she succeeded in doing it is a secret, she refuses to reveal, but she said that both Brownie and his mother, "Buddie," have mastered a vocabulary of about twenty words. Brownie is part German shepherd and part Irish setter, with a strain of bull-dog in him, and his mistress believes that this mixed heredity makes him smarter than most dogs. But she says she can train any dog of average canine intelligence to say several simple phrases in a few months.

But will any dog ever learn how to talk well enough to put its own thoughts into intelligent ideas that can be understood by man?

Writing on this subject, Will Jody, of Chicago, the publisher of Dog World and a leading authority on dogs, has had this to say:

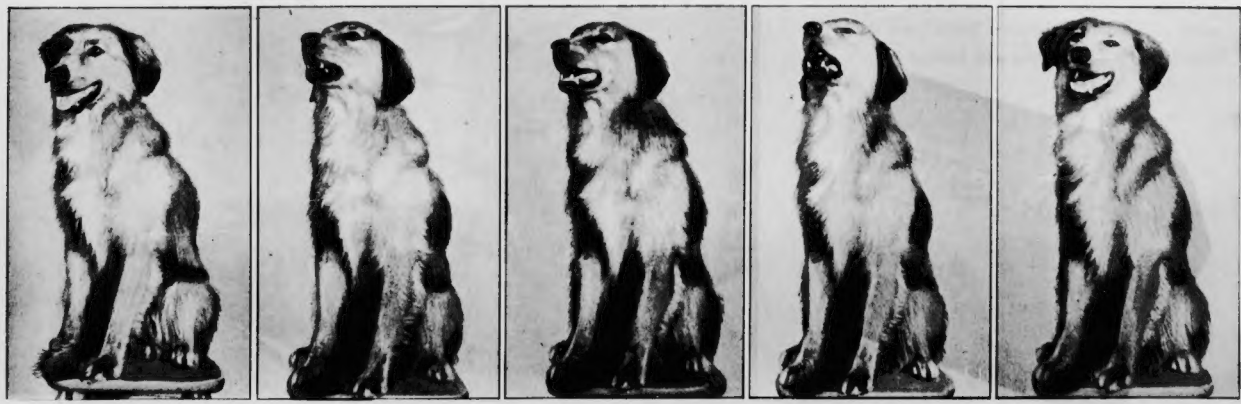
"The human infant does not talk of its own accord. It must be taught to express itself in words. Without this teaching likely it would grow up into a mere babbling creature. The most apt dogs could be especially trained; their puppies brought up with them would learn much by imitation; gradual infections would be developed; and after many generations the dog would speak with a human voice. And with the ability to speak would come, as with humans, the ability to reason.

The advancement of the dog in mentally hinges upon the ability to communicate thoughts. The human race long ago was unable to communicate thoughts by speech and had it remained so, today it would still be as the dog in mind. But voice sounds were systematized and language began."



Brownie Was Able to Speak the First Three Words Taught Him by His Mistress When Still a Pup.

Interesting Photographic Prints Recording the Five Syllables Spoken as Brownie Greet His Owner.



"Hel lo How are you?"



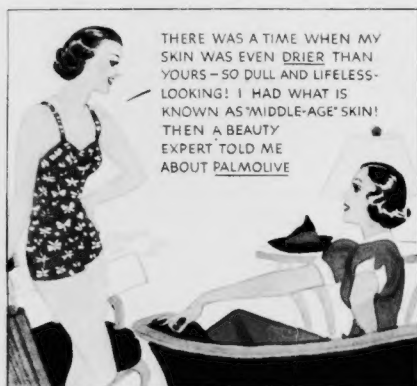
Honeymooning Now...

**YES! ROMANCE COMES
TO GIRLS WHO GUARD
AGAINST DRY, LIFELESS
"MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!**



WAIT TILL BERMUDA
SEES ME IN THIS!

IT'S STUNNING, SUE! AND THAT
COLOR IS GRAND WITH YOUR
COMPLEXION. I'D GIVE ANYTHING
TO HAVE A SKIN AS CLEAR,
SMOOTH AND LOVELY AS YOURS!



THERE WAS A TIME WHEN MY
SKIN WAS EVEN DRIER THAN
YOURS—SO DULL AND LIFELESS-
LOOKING! I HAD WHAT IS
KNOWN AS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
THEN A BEAUTY
EXPERT TOLD ME
ABOUT PALMOLIVE



PALMOLIVE
SOAP? WHY
IS IT SO GOOD
FOR DRY SKIN?

BECAUSE IT IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL...
A WONDERFUL BEAUTY AID. THAT'S
WHY PALMOLIVE GIVES YOUR SKIN
SPECIAL CARE. KEEPS IT SOFTER AND
SMOOTHER...YOUNGER-LOOKING TOO!



WHY DON'T YOU CHANGE TO
PALMOLIVE, JANE? I'M SURE
IT WOULD SOON MAKE A BIG
DIFFERENCE IN YOUR OWN
COMPLEXION!

DARLING, I'M SURE
YOU'RE RIGHT! IT'S
PALMOLIVE FOR ME
FROM NOW ON!

**WHY PALMOLIVE, MADE WITH OLIVE
OIL, GIVES COMPLEXIONS A SPECIAL CARE
... KEEPS SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!**

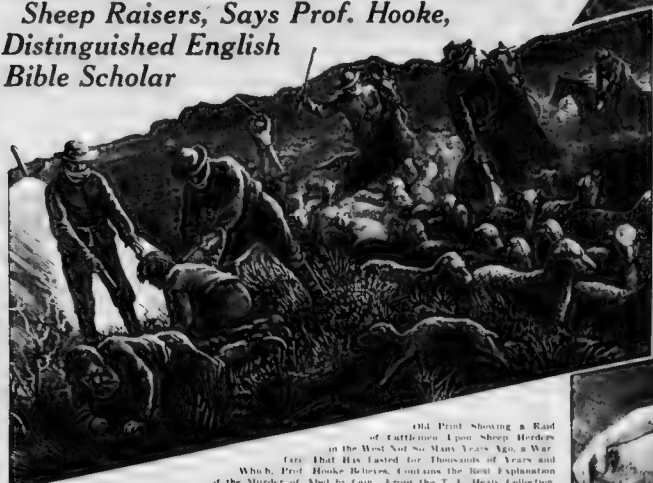
Palmolive is made from a special blend of Olive and Palm Oils—nature's finest beauty aids. Naturally, a soap made with these beauty oils has a *different* and very *special* lather. Palmolive's lather is so soothing, so kind to your skin. It cleanses gently, yet with a thoroughness that removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. And thus Palmolive keeps your skin soft, smooth and fresh... alive with beauty!



KEEP THAT "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"... GUARD AGAINST "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN

Surprising New Explanation of Why Cain Killed Abel

Not Brothers at All and the World's First Murder Story a Distorted Memory of the Ancient Feud Between Cattlemen and Sheep Raisers, Says Prof. Hooke, Distinguished English Bible Scholar



Old Painting Showing a Herd of Cattle in a Field, with a Sheep in the Foreground, in the West Not So Many Years Ago, a War That Has Lasted for Thousands of Years and Which, Prof. Hooke Believes, Contains the Best Explanation of the Murder of Abel by Cain from the T. F. Hooke Collection.



Curious Old Painting by an Unknown Seventeenth Century German Artist, Showing the Murder of Abel by Cain With the Greater Placing of the "Brand" on the Slave's Brow.

NEW ATTEMPT TO EXPLAIN the world's first murder story, the Bible account of the killing of Abel by Cain, has been made by a distinguished English Bible scholar, Prof. Hooke, of the University of London. Prof. Hooke, who has been a member of the Society for the Advancement of Science at Nottingham, England, has written a book, "The Bible and the Sheep," in which he explains the murder of Abel by Cain as a distorted memory of the ancient feud between cattlemen and sheep raisers. He says that the Bible story is a distorted memory of the ancient feud between cattlemen and sheep raisers, and that the murder of Abel by Cain is a distorted memory of the ancient feud between cattlemen and sheep raisers.

Prof. Hooke's explanation is based on the fact that the Bible story is a distorted memory of the ancient feud between cattlemen and sheep raisers. He says that the Bible story is a distorted memory of the ancient feud between cattlemen and sheep raisers, and that the murder of Abel by Cain is a distorted memory of the ancient feud between cattlemen and sheep raisers. He says that the Bible story is a distorted memory of the ancient feud between cattlemen and sheep raisers, and that the murder of Abel by Cain is a distorted memory of the ancient feud between cattlemen and sheep raisers.



Procession in Honor of the Sacred Bull Apis in Ancient Egypt, Where Sheep Men Were Disturbed, as Revealed in Genesis Chapter 4, Verses 23 and 24.

1. And Cain was of the seed of Adam, and he was a tiller of the soil. 2. And Abel was of the seed of Adam, and he was a keeper of sheep. 3. And in process of time Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord. 4. And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof. And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering. 5. But unto Cain and to his offering he had not respect. And Cain was very wroth, and he had to do with his brother.

6. And Cain said unto his brother Abel, Let us go and offer a sacrifice unto the Lord. 7. And Abel said, I will offer the firstlings of my flock, and of the fat thereof. 8. And Cain said, I will offer the fruit of the ground. 9. And the Lord said unto Cain, Why art thou wroth? 10. And he said, I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?

11. And he said, I know not. Am I my brother's keeper? 12. And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? 13. And he said, I know not. Am I my brother's keeper? 14. And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? 15. And he said, I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?

16. And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? 17. And he said, I know not. Am I my brother's keeper? 18. And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? 19. And he said, I know not. Am I my brother's keeper? 20. And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother?

21. And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? 22. And he said, I know not. Am I my brother's keeper? 23. And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? 24. And he said, I know not. Am I my brother's keeper? 25. And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? 26. And he said, I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?

Delicious in the bag



HELPS HER DRIVE — "I've got it in for me in my golf game. And I love my drive and my Dated Coffee. When I go out on the course after a long, hot day, Dated Coffee gives a lot of pep to my drive." — *Madame*

Betty Lou Bates, St. Louis, Mo.



"IT MAKES ME FEEL BRISKER"

"Dated Coffee makes me feel brisker. It's a real tonic. I've been drinking it for years. It's a real tonic. I've been drinking it for years. It's a real tonic. I've been drinking it for years." — *Mrs. Robert Baxter, New York*

Mrs. Robert Baxter, New York



SUITS THEIR TASTE—AND POCKETBOOKS

"We love to drink our Dated Coffee. It's a real tonic. I've been drinking it for years. It's a real tonic. I've been drinking it for years." — *Mrs. J. L. W. W. W.*

Mrs. J. L. W. W. W.



SHOWS A SAVING

"Keeping a small jar of Dated Coffee in my pocket is a real saving. It's a real tonic. I've been drinking it for years. It's a real tonic. I've been drinking it for years." — *Mrs. W. A. Jensen, Hattulale, N. Y.*

Mrs. W. A. Jensen, Hattulale, N. Y.



"WHEN FRIENDS DROP IN"

"When friends drop in on the eve of a party, I always have a small jar of Dated Coffee. It's a real tonic. I've been drinking it for years. It's a real tonic. I've been drinking it for years." — *Mrs. Henry Cantors, Montgomery, Ala.*

Mrs. Henry Cantors, Montgomery, Ala.



UP ON QUALITY—DOWN ON PRICE—

"An elevator man is always being kidded about the 'ups and downs' in his life. But these words come naturally when you talk about Dated Coffee. The quality is way up. And luckily the price is down to where a fellow can afford it." — *Walter J. Murphy, Dover, N. J.*

Walter J. Murphy, Dover, N. J.

YOU get all of Dated Coffee's fine, rich flavor in the bag, because this superb blend—made from the world's choice coffees—is guaranteed fresh by our famous Dating Plan.

Every bag of Dated Coffee is rushed fresh from the roasting ovens to your grocer, clearly marked with the date of delivery to him. This is your protection against stale, rancid taste.

That's why there is no need to put delicious Chase & Sanborn Dated Coffee in an expensive container.

The saving on the container goes direct to you! Order a pound of fresh, delicious Chase & Sanborn Dated Coffee in the economical bag tomorrow!



at Monte Carlo

of Thieving Croupiers, Daring Schemes ayers, Scandals and Suicides Revealed r Member of the Casino Staff



Rooms in the Monte Carlo Casino. Roulette Is the Casino Do Not Play Roulette—the Confirmed Players. Photograph Copyright Gietta, Nice, France.



The Entrance to the Casino at Monte Carlo Seen From the Gardens Which Surround It.



Mme. Paul Dubonnet (Formerly Mrs. Jean Nash), Who Was Annoyed by the Attention of Superstitious Players at the Gambling Tables. To Touch a Person With Reddish Hair Is Believed by Many to Bring Good Luck, and as Mme. Dubonnet's Hair Is of That Tint, the Players Were Constantly Touching Their Fingers or Hands to Her.

PHOTO DEMEYER

sandwiches in place of gala dinners, without muss without entertainment, while she gambled. This went on for three years. The last check Sir Edwin drew to get the jewels out of pawn and to pay the debts was for \$89,169. Then he returned to England, something had changed. Perhaps even Georgina's warm Italian temperament could not compensate for the long hours of solitary drinking. He suddenly married, but not Georgina.

Georgina, on the other hand, was not cured of her passion. Therein lay the difference between love and gambling. Whereas the one may cool, the other grows in intensity. Soon her jewels were again in pawn, all the money spent. The last pennies were soon swept away by the croupier's long rake.

Georgina went to M. Metayer, one of the directors, to beg him to give her a "viaticum"—the money to return to her native Italy.

The viaticum was given her at once. "We're rid of her now," sighed the Casino managers, "we won't have her here any more."

They were mistaken. Within six months, she was back. The official at the entrance to the gambling rooms was cool in his greeting.

"Ah!" he said, preparing to refuse her admission, "Mlle. Georgina."

"No," she answered with triumph in her voice, "look at my passport!"

She was Princess von Hohenlohe. She had managed to marry a German Prince belonging to a highly honorable family. The Casino could not

recklessness of the new Princess. At the Sporting Club, General Polozoff, the director, watched her anxiously. But Georgina knew when she was beaten so again she went to M. Metayer.

"A viaticum?" he said pleasantly. "Please," answered Georgina, "but to Germany, my new country."

The money for the trip, with enough surplus to cover all necessary expenses, was handed over to her without a word. The Casino authorities do not like ruined gamblers around, their atmosphere is not a healthy one for business.

That evening, Princess von Hohenlohe was back at the Sporting Club. In full view of General Polozoff, she placed the travel money—and lost. The General appreciated fully the situation, for had not his father lost so many millions at the Casino in the old days that when he, the son, ruined by the Russian revolution, presented himself at Monte Carlo, the managers decided to give him a job there in memory of his father's losses? Georgina was back at M. Metayer's office the following day.

"This time," he said severely, "we buy you the ticket and only give you some pocket money for the trip."

What more did Georgina need? As I walked into the Sporting Club that night, I saw people crowding about one table, Georgina had just sat down. She placed the "pocket money" on number 3.

"Faites vos jeux."

"Les jeux sont faits."

house of red ribbon and Georgina walked into the high.

Her husband's modest means could not long stand against the mad

Roulette wheel. "This," he murmured, as the ball settled steadily in the winning number.

An entire session passed through the crowd as the croupier pushed over to Georgina her original placement multiplied thirty-five times.

"Pardon," said a voice, as Georgina began raking in the chips, "this is for the viaticum of yesterday."

General Polozoff calmly helped himself to the necessary sum. It was his function to protect the interests of the Casino. Years before, when Governor of Saint Petersburg, I am told, he had inadvertently freed an unimportant political prisoner called Lenin. He was taking no chances now.

The Princess von Hohenlohe, nee Georgina, knew she was beaten. She took the next train to Germany.

The Casino has a most elaborate system of espionage and control for the maintenance of outward order. A numerous staff of uniformed and plain-clothes men are scattered among the players, so no matter what happens, several of them are always the first to appear on the scene. The role of the women, the "flies," I will explain more fully in a subsequent article.

The original genius who built the fame of Monte Carlo was Francois Blanc. His son, Camille Blanc, succeeded Francois as director of the gambling Casino. Things were getting to be pretty bad and Camille was thrown out.

When Rene Leon succeeded Camille Blanc as manager of the Casino, he made several reforms. At that time it is reported that he said:

"Already I have taken up the admission cards of about 100 women whom I discovered to be in collusion with employees of the Casino. The women are now barred and cannot get past the entrance doors. They were making a practice of claiming the winnings of legitimate patrons, and were being sustained by some of the Chefs de Par-

"We're rid of her now," sighed the Casino Manager. "We won't have her here any more."

They Were Miss Taken.

Within Six Months, Georgina Was Back. The Official at the Entrance to the Gambling Rooms Was Cool in His Greeting.

"Ah!" He Said, Preparing to Refuse Her Admission, "Mlle. Georgina Pasquero."

"No," She Answered With Triumph in Her Voice, "Look at my passport!"

She Was Princess Max von Hohenlohe. She Had Managed to Marry a German Prince Belonging to a Highly Honorable Family. The Casino Could Not Refuse Her Admission, and Georgina Walked in Holding Her Head High.

te (who watch over the tables and settle disputes), with whom they later divided their spoils. When I had an absolute case against a chef I let him go. I have my own detectives inside the Casino, men and women who are unknown to the old chefs and croupiers.

Banishing the confederates of employees was Monsieur Leon's first drastic step in cleaning up Monte Carlo. If Rene Leon really did banish 100 "mouches" there were plenty left.

"Things were in a frightful state when I came here," he said. "They had been going from bad to worse for a long time. The resort was run down. The morale of the Casino was completely gone. Dreadful episodes were happening. Much of what was written against the place was true."

Many and strange are the stories told of happenings at the gambling tables. One night, it is said that a man rather poorly dressed wandered about from table to table and finally stopped at the trente-et-quarante (30-40) table. Watching the players for a few moments, he suddenly drew from his pocket a bundle of thousand franc notes which he placed on the red. But when black turned up as the winning color, the man fell forward on the table and seized the money he had placed there and cried at the top of his voice:

"This is my daughter's dot! This is my daughter's dot!"

In France, of course, the "dot" is the marriage

(Continued on Page 20)

She often "Turns On" a Laugh 100 Times a Day

MYRNA LOY finds—even during the hard scenes in M-G-M's "Double Wedding"—that Luckies are gentle on her throat



1. "ACTING IS FUN FOR ME, but hard work for my throat," says Myrna Loy. "While co-starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's 'Double Wedding' with William Powell, for instance, I often had to laugh a hundred times a day in the different scenes. Try laughing for 15 minutes and see what it does to your throat! In addition...



2. "MY PART IN 'DOUBLE WEDDING' is really hard for me to make a great deal of, now I'm a little more used to the person in spite of the white, red throat. I put on But in all these scenes, I found I was gentle on my throat... gentler than any of the man-made cigarettes I've tried."



3. "I'VE HOPPED AROUND from brand to brand, but 5 years ago I landed on Luckies... after seeking a cigarette with the real flavor of good tobacco and one that would agree better with my throat." Luckies are easy on the throat because the process "It's Toasted" takes out certain irritants found in all tobacco!...



4. AT THE COMMISSARY on the M-G-M lot, Luckies lead all the other cigarettes in sales. I don't stand to reason that if Luckies are gentle on the throats of people whose voices are their fortunes that they will be gentle on your throat, too? Next time you buy cigarettes, ask for Luckies.

**WITH MEN WHO
KNOW TOBACCO BEST**

*It's Luckies
2 to 1*

Surely, men who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco are the best judges of tobacco quality.

And now, sworn records available for your inspection show that, among independent tobacco experts, Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined!

This is the verdict of tobacco men—auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen, etc.—not connected with any cigarette manufacturer. In the honest judgment of the men who know tobacco best...it's Luckies—2 to 1.

The American Tobacco Co.



LUCKIES are a light smoke...easy on your throat...It's Toasted™

Thirteen On Board by Florence Ruesson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 16)

was there when I came back the second time.

Garrison: Did you go straight to the boat?

Larry: Yes. No I didn't. I stopped to write a note on a piece of paper I had in my pocket.

Garrison: What did you write with?

Larry: My name. I wrote I was in the boat. Mrs. Garrison: Then you went back to the boat?

Larry: Yes. I went back to the boat. I found the note in my pocket. I was in the boat. I found the note in my pocket.

Larry: I was in the boat. I found the note in my pocket. I was in the boat. I found the note in my pocket.

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climbing down into the boat. I heard the chains in the cove strike seven o'clock.

Garrison: Seven o'clock? And I suppose you don't know that between seven and five minutes past seven was strangled in the boat.

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They Had Found Larry Exactly as Macker Udder Had Predicted. Sound Asleep in the Cage.

CHAPTER XIV The Cheese Thief

FLORENCE RUESSON AND COLIN CLEMENTS

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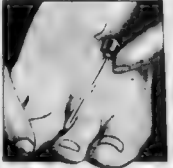
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Sani-Flush SAVES WORK - THE TOILET GLISTENS AND GERMS ARE KILLED

You don't have to scrub the toilet bowl. Sani-Flush does it for you. It kills germs and makes the toilet shine. It's the easiest way to keep your toilet clean and germ-free.



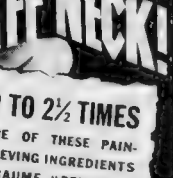
Corns between toes

THESE CORNS between toes are caused by friction and pressure. They can be removed with the help of a corn remover.

FREEZONE DANDRUFF!



GLOVERS I MANGE MEDICINE



STIFF NECK!

UP TO 2½ TIMES MORE OF THESE PAIN-RELIEVING INGREDIENTS IN BAUME "BEN-GAY," COMPARED TO 5 OTHER WIDELY OFFERED RUB-INS

Just rub on Baume "Ben-Gay" for real relief from tired, sore feet, minor aches, strains due to work, exercise, exposure. Why not let it help you relax after a hard day?

BAUME "Ben-Gay" ACTS FAST WHERE YOU HURT

Half & Half Makes One Swell Smoke!



You'll cheer during both halves of Half & Half. Cool as a tie with two minuses to play. Smooth as a touch-down that wins for your side. Fragrant, friendly, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Cool and smooth. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

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HALF AND HALF The Safe Pipe-Tobacco FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

Earliest Animal

A NEW species of prehistoric mammal was recently discovered in Colorado.

The new species was named Hippopotamus. It was discovered in the state of Colorado. The new species was named Hippopotamus. It was discovered in the state of Colorado.

Kraft gives you 8 different Cheese Spreads

SO TEMPTING — SO CONVENIENT



FLAVORS THAT RANGE from exquisite delicacies to a raucous zest—that's what the assortment of eight Kraft Spreads gives you! There's a creamy Spread to tickle the palate of every guest—every member of your family.

And you'll use these convenient Spreads dozens of different ways—for party refreshments, luncheon sandwiches, in dainty salads, for bridge club snacks, appetizers, for dessert with crackers and fruit!

Each Kraft Cheese Spread is packed in a smart Swanky swig glass you'll use for beverages after the cheese is finished. Get acquainted with all of the Kraft Spreads—and collect a whole set of Swankyswig glasses!



PARTY SANDWICHES IN A HURRY! Kraft Olive Pimiento Cream Spread . . . creamy, with the flavor of clopped olives and pimientos. Kraft Kay—delicate cream cheese made spicy with sweet pickle relish. And for the men—Kraft Limburger with the famous old-time flavor, but without the old-time odor.



FOR ZESTFUL APPETIZERS. Stuffed olives, cut crosswise, and put together with sharp-flavored Old English Spread. Small celery stalks filled with luscious tantalizing new Kraft Spread. Salted pea-on halves put together with Kraft Rosaport Cream Spread. Dried beef spread with the same zestful variety, rolled like a jelly roll, chilled, then cut in slices 1/2-inch thick.

THE CHILDREN'S FAVORITES. Kraft Pineapple Cream Spread and Kraft Pimiento Cream Spread—both made from a base of the famous "Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese. One with tiny bits of Hawaiian Pineapple, the other delicious with scudlet pimientos.

The World's Finest Cheeses **KRAFT**
are made or imported by

FREE! New Recipe Book "Favorite Recipes from Marie Dahake's File" including all sorts of clever tricks with cheese—new menus! Send for it with this coupon.

These Recipes Kitchen, Kraft Foods Cheese Corporation, 1231 N. Rush Street, Chicago

Name _____

Address _____

HEAR THE KRAFT RADIO SHOW! BING CROSBY, BOB BURNS, WORLD-FAMOUS GUEST STARS. A FULL HOUR OF MUSIC AND FUN EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT, N. B. C. STATIONS



PERSIAN

For every room in the house *all year 'round*

SENSATIONAL NEW SOFT-FABRIC RUG

FOR ONLY \$ **14⁹⁵** 9 x 12 FEET

MOTHPROOF! DURABLE! FRINGED! SEAMLESS!

MARVAL is the four-seasons' "find" of the year . . . for all-year use in your bedroom, living room, dining room, game room, guest room, nursery, ANY room, at ANY time. It's a *soft-fabric rug*. TWENTY rich, exciting colorings and patterns are ready for you right now!

Marval is *Dura-tized*, which is the scientific way of saying it will wear and wear! It's the ingenious handiwork of the largest rug and carpet mills in the country. Specially created to fill your long-felt need for a *real rug* . . . a *soft-fabric rug*, at way less than half the price you'd willingly pay for a good mattress or a smart winter coat!

SMARTLY STYLED AND GLORIOUSLY COLORED!



Every genuine Marval rug wears this brilliant label. Look for it even on the scatter sizes, which you can buy for as little as \$1.49 (27x54 inch size). Ask for genuine Marval Rugs in leading department and furniture stores... Tomorrow!



TWO-TONE LEAF

HOOKED DESIGN

SAROUK

6
PLAIN COLORS
\$ **12⁹⁵**
FOR 9x12 SIZE

PRODUCT OF BIGELOW-SANFORD CARPET CO., INC.

THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of *The American Weekly* you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field.

holson who made the strange
lot of all demands. Whenever
he went to dine at either the
Hotel de Paris or at the Beach

(Continued Next Sunday)

by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain: Ralph



Since Fred,



holson who made the strange
lot of all demands. Whenever
he went to dine at either the
Hotel de Paris or at the Beach

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How to Improve Your Brain Power

By Donald A. Laird, Ph.D., Sci.D.,
Director, College University Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, New York

(Continued from Page 5)

The person who reads each issue of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY and tries to remember as he reads, would soon be a walking encyclopedia of science and exploration.

Each fall when school opens teachers discover that their pupils have forgotten much of last year's teaching during the summer vacation. One reason for

this summer slump in what pupils know is that when they were reading their lessons or listening to their teacher, they neglected entirely to try to remember what they saw and heard. Their memories are not poor—they just haven't been tuned-up properly. The pupils are not as dumb or forgetful as they seem, but they are likely to keep on seeing that way until they get the habit of trying regularly to remember.

Another simple little trick which accomplishes wonders in improving not only memory but other elements of brain-power is to force an interest in what we are hearing or reading. It sounds almost childish to say that making-believe some mental work will be interesting, or by kidding oneself into thinking it will be easy, results in the mental machine working much better. But that is a fact well established by many laboratory experiments and also by the fortunate experience of many folk who have bettered their brain-power by nothing more than faking that they were interested and that it would, after all, be easy.

A public school education often does not take with the children what they are exposed to it, because the teachers make the pupils uncomfortable and keep telling them that the lessons are difficult and they will have to work hard. The pupils would learn and remember better if the teachers said: "This will be easy. Come on—let's go."

The brain-powers of many adults are clogged by fear of difficulties. These already-flickered crows-up imagine their heads are too thick to learn, or that it will be difficult to use their heads. And, presto! this very notion does block the work of the brain. To brain surgery is needed to cure this—kill your self that it will be easy to learn, that you can do it if you just use a little time and concentration. This positive approach, incidentally, helps self-confidence at the same time it is helping brain-power, and can quickly become a fixed habit that contributes to mental efficiency and happiness.

The teacher who makes the lessons interesting to her pupils gets much better results, although a hard-boiled principal may think that life should be made uncomfortable for pupils. The many facts in the articles in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY are likely to be remembered much better than ordinary things because of their genuine interest to millions of readers.

Now and again a child is blessed with unusual mental equipment such as Thomas Edison, a child of Monroe, Michigan, whose I. Q. rating at the age of three exceeded by three points what Darwin might have needed at her age.

Little Einstein's mental engine functioned so efficiently on seven cylinders. Against this perfect coordination thousands of children and adults have brains under-developed in some cylinders.

or over-developed in others. The well-known European artist, Edouard Whistler, depicts a striking example of one kind of over-development in his painting of a fantastic, a type showing too much, wordy thought and not enough intuition.

To improve Dr. Thurstone's fifth item of perceptual speed, Houdini, the famous magician, concentrated for years on a method which was of inestimable help in many of the amazing stunts he performed. Houdini's fifth item of perceptual speed, in the shape of a blindfold, glancing to find out how many things in the window he could see in the single glance. He kept this up until he could describe the contents of a well-fitted window after a wink of his eye at it. Many moderns do essentially the same thing to improve their perceptual speed by glancing at a paragraph in their newspaper and trying to get the meaning of the paragraph as quickly as possible.

The next item, that of induction, means finding the general laws which are involved in daily life. It is discussed in a small scale. Practice to improve this function of brain-power can best start by thinking over the news we have read, say from Germany and Italy, to figure out how different nations are to be different nations to figure out how different nations are to be different nations.

Review the recent things you have learned and relate them to each other, always trying to see what they prove. This is all scientific do, but they do it on a large scale and during most of the day. The average person can develop himself along these same constructive lines by avoiding mere day-dreaming and exercising his inductive factor.

Against Dr. Thurstone's final item of good verbal reasoning the great enemy is misapprehension. Improvement in word fluency and induction will help this factor—does taking time to think things over. Ask yourself five times a day "Why did that happen?" and keep on thinking about various possibilities until you find the best answer. Dr. Harry D. Kitson of Columbia University says: "In the improvement of reasoning ability, a year's fast is mainly use of habit formation. It is necessary."

First, to form the habit of stating things in the form of a question. Second, to form habits by which ideas arise promptly and profusely.

Third, to form habits of reasoning decisions until the important facts are in.

Whether or not solving defective mysteries helps verbal reasoning, that has not yet been decided; if one actually tries hard to solve the mystery, it likely helps improve verbal reasoning, but when the story is read as a day-dream, it probably gives not a bit of help. As in all of the factors, more depends upon being active mentally, than on the motions a person goes through.

Our brains work best when we are sitting, or standing, with our muscles slightly tensed. Relaxation is an enemy of the use of brainpower. We must relax from time to time, to be sure, but when using our brains we should get into the habit of drawing our muscles a little.

People who do not use their full brainpower can easily be spotted by their slovenly positions, or by their fabled muscles. Dr. Edmund D. Bennett of the University of Chicago, has recently found that thinking almost completely halts when the muscles of the body are entirely relaxed. And Dr. A. C. Billis, also of the University of Chicago, has reported experiments which show that use of the brain was helped by merely tensing the hands.

The "Thinker"—magnificent statue by Rodin—shows that with his muscles slightly bulging as they are tensed to help out his brain. Rodin carved a man who knows how to use his body to assist his brain, not a slumped day-dreamer. Blotting out the switch for day-dreaming for building castles in Spain, while putting the muscles up a bit opens the main trade for express train progress in the productive use of the brain cells.

Why slightly tensed muscles help brainwork is not yet understood by science, but it is definitely established that muscle tension does help brain intensity, much as a violin made of hard wood gives a better tone than one of soft wood. Dr. Edwin Steinmetz did their wonderful brain-work while bent into a crouch, not while lounging on a daybed, as the world-famous genius do in Greenwich Village at Annapolis, famed Italian writer has a life's time, his writing while standing at a specially constructed table. Standing up is not important in itself, but it does demand muscle tension and that is the helpful thing.

Those three secrets about accomplishing wonders for the average person's use of his brainpower. Dr. Edward Westburg, psychologist at the Pennsylvania Hospital for Mental and Nervous Diseases, has just reported that "the hope of civilization lies in the adoption of intelligent scientific methods of self development, and the deliberate change and development of other people in society."

Keep that challenging comment in view as you start making these secrets of better brainpower part of your daily life, and pass the word about them along to other people!

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER



THERE is no longer any excuse for giving in to functional periodic pain! It's old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is now a reliable relief for such suffering. Some women who have always had the hardest time are relieved by Mido.

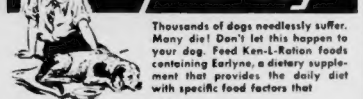
Many who use Mido do not feel one twinge of pain, or even a moment's discomfort during the entire period. So, don't let the calendar regulate your activities! Don't "fave yourself" or "save yourself" certain days of every

month! Keep going, and keep comfortable—with the aid of Mido. Their tablets provide a proven relief for the relief of your pain, so why continue suffering Mido might spare you?

Mido brings quick relief which usually lasts for hours. Its principal advantage has often been presented by specialists.

You can get Mido in a trim aluminum case at any drug store. Two tablets should be used through your worst day.

DANGER AHEAD for All Dogs



Help Guard Your Dog Against DISTEMPER!

3 DAYS OF PROTECTION
4 DAYS OF PROTECTION
BISKIT A FEW DRY DAYS

KEN-L-RATION CONTAINS Earline
MADE IN AN EST. OPERATING UNDER FEDERAL MEAT INSPECTION
Free gift—Write Dept. A1010, Chappel Bros, Rockford, Illinois

DID WE SAY WAXED PAPER?
NO, MY WIFE SAID CUT-RITE!

WIFE, MY WIFE. The reason on Cut-Rite because she knows it's waxed on BOTH sides to keep foods FRESH. Sandwiches, cakes, fresh vegetables, lettuce—your! Not across of kitchen uses for Cut-Rite. In fact, usefulness has made it America's largest selling waxed paper. Cut-Rite costs little—save much.

CUT-RITE
CUT-RITE

Ask for Waxed Paper by its FIRST NAME

THANKS, TEACHER THAT OLD HEAD FEELS BETTER ALREADY

YES, BUT YOU MUST USE THIS EARLIER NEXT TIME... IT HELPS PREVENT MANY COLDS

This specialized medication—Vicks Vapo-rin—is expressly designed for the nose and upper throat, where most colds begin and grow. Used in time—the first sneeze or sniffle or irritation in the nose—it helps to prevent many colds, and to throw off head colds in their early stages. Even when your head is all clogged up from a cold, Vapo-rin brings comforting relief—let's you breathe again! Keep it handy... use it early.

VICKS VAPORIN

Tasty Tomato Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Tomato Appetizer.
QUICKLY slice tomatoes, dice and mix with oil and seasonings. To make the tomatoes to stand in the hot water. Cut. Carefully remove centers. Fill with hard-cooked eggs, reserving a little of the yolk. Mix the chopped eggs with 1 tablespoon minced green pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped pineapples, 4 chopped anchovies, a few grains salt, a few grains pepper, a few drops onion juice and mayonnaise dressing to season. Fill the tomato shells with this mixture. Garnish with thin strips of anchovy and the reserved egg yolk spread through a sieve. Arrange on small plates sprinkled with finely-chopped cereals.

Tomato Juice Cocktail.
SIMMER 1 quart of fresh or canned tomatoes for 15 or 20 minutes. Strain through a colander. Add 1/2 cup sugar and 1/2 cup lemon juice. Boil for 10 minutes. Remove from stove, add 1 teaspoon horseradish and 2 teaspoons lemon juice and strain. Chill and serve.

Tomato Soup (Clear).
COOK 1/2 cup each onion, carrot, celery and two bean in 4 tablespoons butter for 5 minutes. Add 1 can tomatoes, a few peppercorns, a bit of bay leaf, 2 or 3 cloves, a sprig of thyme and a bit of parsley, if you like it. Cover and simmer gently about an hour. Strain, add 1 quart well-seasoned brown stock and season, as desired, with salt and pepper.

Jellied Tomato Soup.
SOFTEN 2 tablespoons gelatin in 1/2 cup cold water. Add 1 quart boiling clear tomato soup. Chill and serve in small bouillon cups.

Quick Tomato Bisque.
SCALD 1 quart rich milk with a bit of bay leaf, 1/2 cup stale bread crumbs, a few grains pepper, a slice of onion, 3 or 4 cloves, and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Cook 1 pint tomatoes with 2 teaspoons sugar for 15 minutes. Add 1/2 teaspoon soda and press through

a sieve. Mix the milk mixture through a sieve. Return to boiling point, add tomato and soda mixture and quickly pour into soup containers. Add a little butter and salt and pepper to taste. Serve with croutons or crackers.

Tomato Soup (Thick).
COOK 1/2 cup each onion, carrot, celery and two bean in 4 tablespoons butter for 5 minutes. Add 1 can tomatoes, a few peppercorns, a bit of bay leaf, 2 or 3 cloves, a sprig of thyme and a bit of parsley, if you like it. Cover and simmer gently about an hour. Strain, add 1 quart well-seasoned brown stock and season, as desired, with salt and pepper.

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A CLOROX-CLEAN Bathroom is safer for your family!



A BATHROOM may have every appearance of cleanliness and yet be infested with germs. Pictured below is a microscopic view of germs which are common to wash basins after teeth are brushed.

And, of course, Clorox is equally effective in the kitchen for deodorizing, disinfecting, removing numerous stains from refrigerators, dishes, sink cloths, drainboards, sinks. Follow directions on the Clorox label as a guide to easier and safer housekeeping in laundry, kitchen and bathroom. It also lists many important personal uses. Clorox is always uniform in quality—concentrated for economy. There is only one Clorox, order by name.



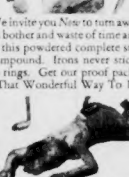
CLOROX CLEAN means GREATER HOME HYGIENE. BLEACHES, DEODORIZES, DISINFECTS, REMOVES STAINS, FRESHENS. Even Drains, Mildew.



CLOROX
PURE - SAFE - DEPENDABLE



END IRONING DAY DRUDGERY



See For Yourself
QUICK STARCH
HOT STARCH IN 30 SECONDS
Makes Ironing Easy

THE HURINGER CO., 426, Keokuk, Ia.

THIS, as other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, is read by one out of every five families in the United States.

YOU CAN SEE ITS GREATER SAFETY

5¢ A ROLL

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING TISSUE

Waldorf
A Scott Tissue

THERE'S more comfort—greater safety—in the new Soft-Wave Waldorf. And when you hold a strip of it up to the light, you can see why.

Smooth, even, uniform in texture, it's like soft cloth—gentle and kind to tender skin. No "thin" spots, no "humps" to cause irritation as in ordinary tissue. No dirt specks or dangerous splinters.

Ask your grocer for Soft-Wave Waldorf Tissue, so that you and your family can enjoy its greater safety and comfort. Greater economy, too—Soft-Wave Waldorf lasts several days longer, because it's more uniform, more absorbent. You use fewer sheets. And Waldorf sells at a money-saving price. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa. Also makers of *Luxury Tissue* Scott Tissue and Scott Towels for kitchen use.



"The All-American Pause"

A note on the football season:

"All-American choice for time-out is the pause that refreshes with Coca-Cola."



Whether you are playing baseball or football, the pause that refreshes with ice-cold Coca-Cola is part of the game.

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and
Refreshing



The pause that brings friends together at the soda fountain is the pause that refreshes with ice-cold Coca-Cola.



Pure as sunlight, ice-cold Coca-Cola looks refreshing . . . tastes refreshing . . . is refreshing.

5¢